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The Week.

Light has at last broken through the fog surrounding Pekin. Dispatches have reached the outer world from the German, British, American, and. Japanese embassies, dated as late as July 20, showing that the legations, after having been attacked continuously from June 20 to July 16 inclusive, were at last enjoying a truce, were well provisioned, and the inmates in good bodily condition. A further encouraging detail in the Japanese dispatch is the statement that the German, Russian, American, British, French, and half of the Japanese legations were still standing, and in condition suitable for defence. It is clear, therefore, that the Powers have been premature in assuming that the foreigners in Pekin were all dead, and that nothing could now be done to save them. Incidentally, the confirmatory good news is another vivid illustration of the brutality of yellow journalism. With nothing, apparently, to go upon except rumors and their own imaginings, unscrupulous correspondents in China have filled columns with hideous details of massacre, outrage, and pillage, and of flaming riot and anarchy on every hand. It is a relief to know that much of it is a tissue of lies, but it would be a greater relief if there were any assurance that the same sort of thing would not be repeated at the first opportunity.

The situation of the allies, in view of the actual condition of affairs in China, is certainly a difficult one. Whatever foundation there may be for the persistent reports of disagreement about the choice of a commander-in-chief, there is certainly a growing impatience at the failure of the international army to advance. If the legations at Pekin, with a handful of men and no special preparation for defence, have been able to withstand almost constant attack from thousands of Chinese troops and rioters since the 20th of June, there would seem to be some reason for thinking that the military prowess of the enemy has been overrated, and that a European army, even if not able to reach Pekin, might before this have secured command of the situation. On the other hand, if the foreigners are really being held as hostages, and if, as Li Hung Chang implies, a military advance will seal their fate once for all, the Powers have the hard alternative of pushing an advance which they know means death, perhaps in frightful form, to their imprisoned countrymen, or of making a bargain with the Chinese for their speedy and safe deliverance. Civilized states have an instinctive repugnance to bargains of this sort. Moreover, Li Hung Chang is a wily person, and the whole thing may turn out to be only an adroit game of bluff. If, however, the Chinese are sincere, and can really deliver our foreign representatives at Tientsin or any other place, there would seem to be nothing unreasonable in giving them a chance to do it. There would still be plenty of time to discuss "indemnity" and "satisfaction." It is not, of course, exactly in accord with diplomatic tradition thus to withdraw under fire, while as yet there is no formal state of war; but there are things more valuable than diplomatic tradition.

Admiral Kempff's account of the Taku bombardment shows conclusively that it was an act of war on the part of the allied commanders. For that reason, he very properly declined to take any part in it. Just why the naval officers thought it necessary to seize the Taku forts "temporarily," has never been satisfactorily explained. The correspondent of the *Ostasiatischer Lloyd*, who was on board the German gunboat *Iltis* during the action, says that the allied fleet determined to attack for two reasons. One was that the Chinese were laying mines in the river. The other was that they were strengthening the garrisons. In either case, the Chinese were perfectly within their rights. The English Admiral, however, appears to have thought it necessary to take the forts in order to protect the railway. But the true way to have gone about the matter would have been to demand guarantees from the Chinese commander. If these had been refused, it would have been time enough to talk of warlike measures. As the case stands, the foreigners took the aggressive, and began the war, if war there is. According to the *Ostasiatischer Lloyd's* correspondent, orders came from Pekin, "Kill all Europeans and blow all the ships in the river out of the water." But none of the naval officers has spoken of any such telegram, and it must be regarded as mythical. The standing orders of the Chinese General to resist attack were quite enough to account for his opening fire.

The celebration of amnesty which took place last week in Manila was not distinguished by spontaneous enthusiasm. According to the dispatch of the Associated Press, the people fail to perceive any tangible results from amnesty, and therefore say that they can see no reason for celebrating it. It is conceivable that the news of the killing of eighty-nine of the natives and the bombardment of their town, in revenge for the murder of a soldier, may have had a slightly chilling effect. These untutored savages may not have understood that this chastisement was mercifully intended, and that it really signified that American sovereignty, as President McKinley says, is "the symbol and pledge of peace, justice, law, religious freedom, education, and the security of life and property." Another very untoward circumstance was the prohibition by the Provost of the proposed display of the Filipino flag and of pictures of McKinley and Aguinaldo framed together. Such combinations indicate very rudimentary ideas of the real purpose of our occupation, and show that mistaken views of amnesty are prevalent. For Judge Taft and the members of the Commission to participate in a fiesta marked by such shocking incongruities would have been, of course, impracticable. Such participation would have encouraged the unfortunate delusion which the promoters of the festivity entertained concerning the possibility of independence under American protection. The fiesta is said to be generally considered in Manila to have been premature and unfortunate. Such a view of it appears to be fully justified by the circumstances.

In striking contrast with it is the apparent success of the British in pacifying the disturbed parts of South Africa. The British troops have not, indeed, overtaken President Krüger's railroad capital, nor have they escaped occasional reverses in the field, but they continue to follow up the roving bands of Boers, and to make the guerrilla warfare of less and less consequence, and they have just compelled the surrender of Gen. Prinsloo and 1,000 men. More than that, however, Lord Roberts is contriving to set up efficient civil government in the various places under his control, and paving the way for the contentment and prosperity which it has been foreseen would ultimately follow the British occupation. In the southern part of the Transvaal, as well as in the Orange Free State, this civil conquest is now practically assured, and "pacification" comes near to being an accomplished fact. Evidently, our representatives in the Philippines have something to learn about the business of handling subject races. Lord Roberts has not talked much about either "benevolent assimilation" or the "strong arm of authority," but somehow or other he seems to be attaining the one and using the other with marked success.

It seems strange that the Porto Ricans should hate us, in view of all we have done for them, but if the observations of a *Herald* correspondent are correct, they do hate us, in very truth. It appears that the local magistrates are giving the

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Americans a taste of Spanish law, just to show them what it is like when strictly enforced; and the Americans naturally feel that they are being persecuted. In the meantime, the Commission that was to reorganize the courts and revise the laws has not yet left the United States. The enactment of the Porto Rican tariff has been followed by business depression, and many Americans who went into business in the island are reported to be anxious to get out. Taxes are still practically as heavy as under the Spanish régime, while the improved roads, better schools, and better sanitary conditions which the wise application of the revenues has procured, are benefits which the average Porto Rican does not appreciate. The fundamental reasons for this unhappy state of things are not far to seek. As the *Herald* correspondent points out, the Porto Ricans are indignant at the loss of three things for which they had confidently hoped—the extension of the Constitution of the United States to the island, a Territorial form of government, and free trade. In other words, the United States has been guilty of bad faith, and the Porto Ricans realize it; and they are consequently at no pains to conceal their deep dislike of the people who, coming to them in the guise of liberators and friends, turn out to be, from their point of view, very like conquerors and despots.

Neely's Cuban embezzlements are shown to be somewhere between $131,000 and $150,000. The chief part of these frauds consisted in selling "surcharged stamps" that should have been destroyed, and reporting them as actually destroyed. Surcharged stamps were United States postage-stamps bearing the Cuban stamp also, which had been sent to the island for temporary use until regular Cuban stamps could be prepared. In making false reports of the number of surcharged stamps destroyed, Neely had the assistance of Reeves, assistant auditor of the island of Cuba, not a post-office appointee, but who had been designated by Rathbone as a member of the commission to destroy surcharged stamps. Other forms of fraud in which Rathbone, Neely, and Reeves were concerned are detailed by Mr. Bristow, Assistant Postmaster-General, and exhibit much ingenuity. The report is a thorough one, so far as it goes, but it is probable that a trial in court would disclose many new facts. That all these rascals may find their way to the Cuban penitentiary is the ardent hope of all decent people in the United States, and in this we have no doubt that Mr. Charles Emory Smith shares. We hope that he will give us a résumé of the whole affair in *Collier's Weekly* at the proper time.

The race quarrel broke out again at New Orleans last week with more violence than ever. Nothing like it has been known in this country since the draft riots in New York city in 1863. Then the mob hunted down negroes and burned their houses, as the New Orleans mob is doing to-day. Here an orphan asylum was destroyed; there a school building, the finest negro school in the city. What adds to the horror of the affair, this building was erected with money bequeathed by a negro, who divided his fortune of $600,000 equally between the institutions of both races. The latest outbreak was caused by the desperate resistance to arrest made by the negro, Charles, who had already killed two policemen. When he found that he was surrounded, he of course knew what his fate would be if he surrendered. He would be torn from the officers of the law, and be beaten, cut, shot, and hanged or burned. That he should sell his life dearly was to be expected. It was the natural consequence of the supremacy of mob law. Ferocious punishment makes ferocious criminals, and when a community tolerates lynching, it paves the way for a reign of terror. There will probably be more violence, but even if there is not, race hatred will have been intensified.

Two negroes, charged with assault in Florence County, South Carolina, by some failure of mob justice fell into the hands of the Sheriff. That officer, warned by many recent lessons of the insecurity of jails as refuges, allied with himself the Sheriff of an adjoining county and some forty men belonging to the militia, and undertook to defy the will of the people. Seizing the prisoners, he boarded a railroad train with his party, and contrived by this subterfuge to insult the majesty of the mob. This bold attempt to interrupt the usual course of lynch law was resented by the citizens, and they attempted to capture the audacious Sheriff at several stations, and finally chartered a special train in order to hunt down the fugitives. So hot was the chase that the minions of the law retreated to North Carolina, thereby escaping temporarily from the jurisdiction of the South Carolina mob. Eventually, by circuitous railroad routes, they succeeded in reaching Columbia, S. C., and found an appropriate refuge in the penitentiary. This high-handed interference with the usual course of justice was promptly condemned by the citizens of Florence County. Assembling in mass-meeting, they protested against such an arbitrary subversion of their liberties, and adopted resolutions denouncing the action of the Governor in permitting the removal of the prisoners from Florence County, and demanding their return. To this demand the Governor made the evasive, not to say contumacious, reply, that the prisoners were safer in the penitentiary than they would be in Florence County jail. The proposition is obviously true. Some years ago the Governor surrendered a prisoner to representatives of such a mass-meeting held at Lexington, who pledged the honor of their county that he should be protected. But so soon as they got hold of him they killed him; and when Gov. Tillman complied wih a similar demand, a year or two later, the same result followed.

The excuse for disfranchising the blacks in Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana was that they outnumbered the whites, very largely in the first two States; that they were, as a rule, very ignorant; and that, if they should be allowed to vote, the commonwealth would be ruined. This argument does not seem to apply to a State which has twice as many whites as blacks. But the distribution of the two races in North Carolina is very uneven. The blacks are largely massed in the eastern counties, while there are a number of counties in the west where the population is almost exclusively white. The result is that some sections of North Carolina are as badly off in this respect as the other States. The whites throughout the commonwealth have taken up the cause of their brethren in the "black counties," and the zeal for the disfranchising amendment to be voted on to-day appears to be as strong in the west, where there is no excuse for it, as in the east. The amendment establishes educational and poll-tax tests which ostensibly apply to all alike. But a reading and writing qualification would rule out a host of whites, for the proportion of illiterates is greater in North Carolina than in any other State. To prevent this, another section of the amendment provides that no male person who was entitled to vote anywhere in the Union on the 1st of January, 1867, and no lineal descendant of such persons, shall be denied the right to vote. On the 1st of January, 1867, only a very few negroes anywhere in the United States enjoyed the right to vote, so that this "grandfather clause," as it is called, will let in all the whites, but hardly a single black.

The most curious feature of this campaign is the fact that it arouses scarcely any protest from the Republican party of the North, which is now committed to the policy of letting "the superior race" rule "the inferior" abroad, allowing it only such privileges as may seem prudent and wise. If this is the right rule in the Philippines, who shall say that it is wrong in North Carolina? A touch of grotesqueness is added to the picture by the fact that it is the North Carolinians and South Carolinians and Mississippians and Louisianians and their fellow-sympathizers in the disfranchisement of the blacks at the South who are ostensibly defenders of the political rights of the Filipinos. The history of American politics hardly pre-

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sents a picture of greater impudence than that of Senator Tillman, fresh from his boasts of the way in which his party had bulldozed the blacks of South Carolina, proclaiming the noble sentiments of the Kansas City platform in favor of justice for another inferior race on the other side of the globe.

Ex-Speaker Reed is not, it appears, on the "black list" of the Republican National Committee, which would be glad to obtain his services for the campaign. But would it not have to make a condition that he recall and recant his epigrams at the expense of McKinley and the party? Would it not be necessary to allow him to speak only to audiences that had never read his gibes about the "Emperor of Expediency," and that had never heard of his famous question to the Republicans in Congress—why they should bother to pass a bill to punish petty larceny in Cuba when they themselves meant to steal the whole island? The National Committee would no doubt be glad enough to employ Mr. Reed's sarcastic tongue against Bryan; but the danger about asking him is that the very application might bring down irony upon their own heads. The ex-Speaker has had too much fun indulging in flings at his old associates to renounce the amusement easily. He knows them so well that he can lay his finger on the raw every time.

Representative Littlefield of Maine takes advantage of the opportunity which was offered him and his fellow-opponents of the Porto Rican tariff by the platform of the Philadelphia Convention. He says that he can find nothing in the platform that commits the party to the idea of Empire or Imperialism, or that justifies the inference that it has any such purpose; "on the contrary, it failed to specifically endorse the Congressional action that could legitimately be held to give rise to that inference." Mr. Littlefield consequently holds that the question of Empire or Imperialism cannot be an issue in the campaign, and he apparently means to rest upon the somewhat evasive platform rather than upon the clear and explicit speech of the candidate when he was notified of his nomination. This may in some latitudes be thought a clever policy.

For the first time the value of the foreign commerce of the United States during a single year exceeds two billions of dollars. It surpasses that of any previous year by $320,000,000, while the exports of manufactured goods have increased over $90,000,000 in value. Their value is returned as $432,000,000, which is almost one-third of the total value of all our exports. So recently as 1895, exports of manufactured goods were less than one-fourth, and in 1885 but one-fifth, of the total. If we go back to 1860, such exports were less than one-tenth of their present amount. In correspondence with the increase of this class of exports, we find a great increase in the imports of what are described as manufacturers' materials. The value of crude articles of this class was last year $302,000,000, while it was in 1899 but $222,000,000; the increase being nearly 40 per cent. In fact, the increase of manufacturers' materials imported is more marked than that of any other branch of our commerce, amounting last year to $107,000,000. Under other conditions than those which now prevail, such commercial returns would at once arouse a demand for a rational tariff. The evidence is conclusive that the manufacturers of this country have fairly engaged in export trade, and that protection against foreign competition can no longer be demanded. Instead of maintaining duties on foreign products, our manufacturers should insist on the abolition of duties on the materials which they import in such prodigious quantities. They could well afford in return to surrender the protective duties on imports of manufactures. Unfortunately, many of our business men are so much absorbed in chasing the rainbow of Oriental traffic as to overlook the certainty of commercial expansion attainable by reforming our own tariff system.

Whether the general election in England takes place this fall or next spring, the Liberal party seems certain to approach it with divided counsels and ineffective leadership. The row the other day about the handful of radical Liberals who openly set Campbell-Bannerman's lead in the Commons at defiance, is but symptomatic of a deep-seated trouble. Even Conservatives of a thoughtful type are bewailing the pitiful estate into which English Liberalism has fallen, as they recognize the advantage, for both their own party and the country, of a stronger Opposition than the next appeal to the country is likely to return. Imperialism and the African war have been as a knife in Liberal vitals. Lord Rosebery is making bids for the leadership on a basis of Liberal Imperialism which he defines as "sane" and moderate; but John Morley and the social-reforming Liberals will have none of it, and vow that they are not able to distinguish one brand of Imperialism from another, the Tory article being every whit as good as the Liberal. If present divisions and heart-burnings continue, what is to become of the old Liberal party? Mr. Morley himself predicted in his latest speech that, if it abandons its principles and breaks up, its place will be taken by the Socialists. He added that, though he had for years fought Socialism within the party, with his back to the wall, if he were ever so unfortunate as to be compelled to "choose between the Socialist and the Militarist with all his random aims, his perversion of the national resources, his disregard for the rights and the feelings of other people, I declare to you that I consider the Socialist's standards are higher and his aims are not any more wild."

The news that rain has fallen generally through the famine-stricken regions of India is encouraging, but Lord George Hamilton, the Indian Secretary, describes the situation as still very gloomy. The expenditures of the Indian Government on account of the famine have been £13,000,000 within the last two years, and the fund set apart for this purpose is almost exhausted. The budget shows that a credit balance last year of £2,870,000 has been converted, by famine expenditure and remission of taxation, into a deficit of £826,000. The Indian Government is prepared to apply £3,000,000 more in famine relief, and it announces that if its own resources prove insufficient, it will appeal to the British exchequer. Lord George Hamilton expressed himself warmly in admiration of the courage and patience displayed by the fifty millions of people who have suffered under this awful scourge. There seems to have been no increase of crime, in spite of the immense loss of property, and this fact should be an additional encouragement to the benevolent to continue their donations. They will be needed as much as ever for months to come.

The loss to Italy through the assassination of King Humbert is incalculable. His unfailing popularity, inherited from his father and increased by himself, was of great value to a country torn by parliamentary strife, while the moderation of his personal expenditure was a constant rebuke to the thievish officials who hang about the Italian Treasury. The last tie with the glories of the *Risorgimento* is sundered, and the new Victor Emmanuel must face the stern realities of a deeply troubled social order. The name of King Humbert, rightly or wrongly, will be associated with disaster to the kingdom of Italy. The oppressive burden of the "Triple Alliance," the humiliation of the Abyssinian campaign, the corruption of Italian officialdom, the crushing weight of ever-increasing taxation, and the consequent growth of Socialism and Anarchy—these are the products of Humbert's reign; they are of his time, if not of his doing; and it appears that the King now has borne vicariously the penalty for the ills of Italy. The assassin, one Bresci, is an Anarchist; he comes from Prato—an industrial town which figured prominently in the "bread riots" three years ago—by way of America.

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THE HURT AND HELP OF A THIRD TICKET.

The earnest men who are demanding a Presidential ticket for which they can vote without either fear or shame, are tearfully implored by either party not to do anything to "hurt" it. We do not think they are primarily or seriously concerned over the question whom they are going to hurt. Like the non-resistant Quaker, about to fire at the crouching burglar in his room, they simply announce, "I am going to shoot into that corner, friend, and if thee stays there, thee 'll get hurt." If a resolute stand for right and liberty hurts McKinley, so much the worse for him; if it harms Bryan, that is *his* lookout. Ah, but the cause! Are you against the gold standard? No, Mr. McKinley, we are for it, as we were when you were a wabbling silverite, as we shall be if a gust of popular sentiment again makes you veer to free silver; only, we propose to take our gold standard pure, without the base alloy of extravagance and Imperialism. Then (we are told) Bryan's cause must be yours. Not if he poisons his Anti-Imperialism with a threat to financial and social stability.

But all this, we say, is a minor consideration with the promoters of a third ticket. Their prime object is not to hurt this or that candidate or party, but to help on to something better than either. They wish to help, in the first place, that large body of intelligent and conscientious voters who keenly resent the choice of evils thrust upon them this year by political bosses. Many of these men will not vote at all unless they get a ticket which they can vote without having to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses while they deposit their ballot with a pair of tongs. To them a third ticket is the only road to an exercise of the right of suffrage at all. They have grown weary of weighing feebleness against folly, hypocrisy against recklessness, and making up their minds which, on the whole, is least dangerous, and therefore most worthy of their vote. For once they would like to support a man and a cause that mean strength and truth, and so enthusiasm instead of misgivings.

Let blind partisans make no mistake about the existence of this noble discontent. It is, indeed, to a "discontented class" that a third ticket appeals. It is a class which is discontented at being led by the nose year after year, and compelled to make a nauseating choice of nauseating evils. The country is dotted with such people. Everywhere we see party lines burst through, life-long relationships abandoned, a kind of universal dissatisfaction and break-up. The intelligence of the nation is discontented—that is the true portent of the times. The old hypocrisy of going through a campaign "supporting" a candidate with your eyes shut, asserting that your man is a saint and his rival a devil, has grown too repugnant. That easy division of nominees into the class "hero" and the class "villain" is too farcical this year. The political play is "long" on villains; the stage is full of them. But where is the hero? Well, the third-ticket men are trying to find him.

They also have the growingly vicious conditions of party management in mind, and intend to make the most effective protest within their power against boss impudence. Their watchword they take from Lowell, who, a dozen years ago, pictured prophetically the present crisis: "If parties will not look after their own drainage and ventilation, there must be people who will do it for them, who will cry out without ceasing till their fellow-citizens are aroused to the danger of infection." It is a kind of political sanitary reform in which the Independents are engaged. For many years it has been enough for them to play off their competing Democratic and Republican landlords against each other. The Blaine sewer-gas made them give up their Republican apartments in 1884. They fled from Bryan's leaky roof and choked pipes in 1896. Now both parties have agreed to make no repairs, to leave their plumbing rotten and their walls mouldy, and grinningly ask their Independent tenants, "What are you going to do about it?" The prompt reply is, "We are going to move out into the open air."

Nor will the third ticket be helpful by way of protest alone. Besides raising an alarm, it will appeal strongly to honest men who cherish high political ideals. For one thing, the entire disinterestedness of the movement makes it like a fresh breeze blowing in upon foul vapors. Self-abnegation will be the very note of a movement which necessarily breaks with the sordid theory of politics, and knows nothing of serving a cause for gain. The Latin professor at Harvard used to say, in opening an abstruse elective, "This, gentlemen, is a course which will never, under any circumstances, enable any one who takes it to earn a dollar, or to gratify any worldly ambition." A similar warning is served upon all who are asked to support a third Presidential nomination. They must sign a self-denying ordinance. Gov. Roosevelt's "weaklings" cannot, of course, be expected to do it. But his "strong men" ought to feel their blood stirred within them by this summons to undertake a forlorn hope.

It is purely this ideal principle of the matter that gives the movement its strength. The "practical" sneer is already heard, "What can you possibly accomplish?" Well, all that is proposed can be accomplished. Conscience can be satisfied. The truth can be told. A standard can be raised to which honest men may repair—a political creed promulgated which will not have to be apologized for. "I can see how a man can vote for him, but I do not see how any one can speak for him," our Ambassador to England is reported to have said of Blaine in 1884. It will be something if the Independents nominate a man for whom one can both speak and vote with enthusiasm. The result it is not for them to reckon up. Their true "success" they win before the votes are counted. "Italians!" said Garibaldi to his men, "what have I to offer you? Kingdoms, rewards, victories? I know not if victories, but certainly none of the others. I have to offer you wounds and stripes and death—*in the cause of liberty!*"

THE POSITION OF THE GOLD DEMOCRATS.

The National Committee of the Gold Democrats, or the National Democratic party, decided on Wednesday of last week at Indianapolis that it was not advisable to nominate candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President. As a delegation from the Plaza Hotel conference of Anti-Imperialists were at Indianapolis at the same time, and as a few members of the National Democratic Committee were themselves Anti-Imperialists of pronounced type, there was a mingling together of the two ideas in the proceedings. It should be borne in mind, however, that conventions called by the Plaza Hotel Committee and by the Anti-Imperialists will meet at Indianapolis in the middle of August.

The National Democratic organization, for it can scarcely be called a party, sprang into existence as a protest. It consisted of men who had acted with the Democratic party when it had the wise and conservative platform of 1892, and who, after being arbitrarily suppressed in the convention of 1896, found themselves with nothing to stand on but the radical and revolutionary platform then adopted. A large number of these men, influenced either by principle or prejudice, could not bring themselves to support any Republican candidate or to endorse any Republican platform. A third ticket was their only resource, if they voted at all; and probably no one who voted for that ticket regrets it. A hundred years from now, one of them has said, we shall have a society composed of the descendants of the men who voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896; and the future members of that society may be congratulated on an ancestry more intelligent, more conscientious, and more patriotic than any which is now honored by its offspring.

The situation is now very different from what it was four years ago. The Gold Democrats have seen that their protest has been entirely ineffectual to modify the radical creed adopted at Chicago. They separated themselves from the men that had got control of the party organization, and those men

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propose to keep up the separation. They do not want the Gold Democrats to come back unless they will apologize for their independence and promise submission. On the other hand, the Gold Democrats may feel that their protest succeeded, in so far as it encouraged the Republican leaders to pass a gold-standard act. Many of them therefore feel that their party is *functus officio*. It has wholly and perhaps hopelessly failed to rescue the Democratic party from the Populists who have captured its organization. It has succeeded, partly at least, in establishing an honest currency. It will continue its existence in order to promote the completion of this reform; but it does not seem probable that this end would now be furthered by nominating a candidate for the office of President.

It can hardly be denied that the sound-money issue was that which gave the Gold Democrats their strength; nor that on that issue they are now divided. Some of them believe that free silver coinage is dead beyond hope of resuscitation; others believe that, in view of the abject submission of the Democratic leaders to Mr. Bryan, this danger will never cease until his rule is ended. Some of the former are willing to accept the remainder of the Chicago platform, having convinced themselves that the call for free silver is meaningless; most of the latter probably believe that to vote for McKinley is the only practical way of putting a final quietus to free silver and the Jacobin doctrines together. Under such circumstances, it would have been unwise for the Gold Democrats to nominate a ticket of their own. So many of their number, while agreeing in their devotion to the gold standard, disagree as to its present security as to make it probable that such a ticket would receive very few votes. Such a result would deceive the country as to the real numerical strength of the party.

A crisis has occurred in the history of the Republican party, similar to that which the Democratic party experienced in 1896. What the Republican party originally stood for is known to everybody. It was founded on the revolt of conscientious people against the treatment of the negroes as inferior beings. Its main principle was stated by Lincoln when he said that no man was good enough to rule another without his consent. That principle has been openly repudiated and trampled on by the present Administration. Its platform is just as reactionary as that of the Democrats is radical. Its position has changed since the last election quite as much as that of the Democratic party changed between 1892 and 1896. If there were thousands of Democrats independent enough to organize in revolt against an arbitrary change in party principles in 1896, there ought to be enough Republicans in 1900 to organize a similar revolt against a similar betrayal.

For such an independent movement on the part of Republicans, the action of the Gold Democrats clears the way. The grand old party must be decadent indeed if the worthy citizens who have felt that it contained most of the virtue of the country, are willing to allow themselves to be surpassed in devotion to principle by members of the despised Democracy. We know very well that thousands and thousands of these good people, in New England especially, are ashamed of the attitude of the Administration. Senator Hoar tells us that, after his great anti-Administration speech, letters of approval poured in on him at the rate of five hundred a day. Where are the writers of these letters? What do they propose to do about endorsing the policy of Imperialism? Will they follow Senator Hoar, and aid in carrying out a policy which they regard as cruel, unjust, and pernicious; or will they unite in an expression of their sentiments which will be unmistakable? This question will be answered by the conventions to be held at Indianapolis in the middle of August.

CUBA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS.

It has leaked out from some official source at Washington that the Administration, while taking steps to give to Cuba the independence promised to her, intends to retain control of her foreign relations in the same way that Great Britain controlled those of the Transvaal before the war in South Africa. By the convention of 1881 the South African Republic agreed to make no treaty with any foreign Power except with the assent of her Majesty's Government. Of course the control of the foreign relations of Cuba to this extent would end in complete control, since everything of a diplomatic nature would have to pass through our hands. It would be incumbent on us to see whether anything in the nature of a treaty was involved in any correspondence between Cuba and any foreign Power.

This is not all. The power to control the foreign relations of Cuba leads up to the control of her military and naval resources, if any, and of her coast defences. It points also to supervision over her finances and her power to contract debt. In short, there is very little that a government may do independently if control of her foreign intercourse is surrendered. A plan that has been published in several Western newspapers as coming from official sources in Washington, embraces the following points:

"(1.) The foreign relations of Cuba to be managed through the American Government at Washington.

"(2.) Cuba to have no power to declare war without the consent of the United States.

"(3.) The United States Government to have a veto power over legislation increasing the Cuban debt beyond certain limits to be set forth in the new Constitution.

"(4.) The United States to have a certain well-defined supervision over the Cuban Treasury.

"(5.) The United States to retain for a period of years, if not indefinitely, control of the fortifications which command the port of Havana and other important cities of the republic."

This plan is evidently put forth as a feeler, to test public opinion. It is part of a plan not to release our hold upon Cuba—not to fulfil the promise we made when we declared war against Spain—not to carry out the platform of the Republican party adopted six weeks ago at Philadelphia. As the Chicago *Times-Herald* says, it is "Cuban independence with a string to it." The question whether we are to keep our word in this particular or not is therefore likely to enter somewhat into the campaign, and become part and parcel of the general problem of Imperialism. It is doubtful, however, whether we shall find anybody in authority willing to stand sponsor for a plan to annul our solemn obligations so soon.

It is true that some politicians of note have publicly declared that the promises we made in regard to Cuban independence were sentimental and silly and ought not to be regarded now; but the nation is not of that opinion, or not yet. It is sometimes said by men who approve of our holding the Philippines, that Cuba would be of much more value to us than those distant and half-civilized possessions, but that we must keep faith and give her the independence we promised, and trust to annexation coming in the natural way, as the result of gratitude, friendly intercourse, and trade. This, we think, represents the most influential part of public opinion in the United States to-day. At all events, the number of those who avow any different purpose or desire is very small.

Control of the foreign relations of Cuba would be simply an entering wedge for control of everything, and it is well to inquire whether there is any greater reason for our controlling her foreign relations than those of any other American country, as Mexico, for example. Seventy-two years have passed since the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, and it has answered every purpose of restraining foreign nations from extending their power or acquiring new possessions in the American hemisphere. It has never been necessary for us to curtail the treaty-making power of any country on this side of the ocean. In fact, we never thought of doing such a thing. Not even in the case of Santo Domingo, or of the smallest republic of Central America, did it ever flit through our dreams that we ought to usurp or even seek to control their foreign relations. There were good reasons why we should not do so. Control of their foreign intercourse would make us responsible, more or less, for their behavior toward foreign Powers,

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and this might prove, in the case of peoples of hot temper and revolutionary instincts, burdensome in a high degree. It has been our interest not to relieve them of responsibility for their own acts. Ought we to relieve Cuba from hers?

Unless we are prepared to take Cuba, for better, for worse, and for ever, we ought to take no portion of her duties and responsibilities. What we promised her was independence, not suzerainty. It was proclaimed to the world by Congress and President in these words:

"That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

This promise was reiterated in the Philadelphia platform, which declared that the pledge so made should be fulfilled "to the letter." A reservation of control of Cuba's foreign relations was not made or thought of at the time when Congress passed these resolutions, nor when the Republican party adopted its platform. There is no avowable reason why it should be made now.

THE WHITE PERIL.

Whatever the exact form of words used by Emperor William in his latest harangue to the troops, both the official and unofficial reports reveal him as threatening the Chinese with bloody vengeance. He may not have bidden his men give no quarter, but he certainly did urge them to make the German name a scourge and terror in China. If not in violation of the laws of civilized warfare, at any rate under their cloak, the German army was to inflict such cruel reprisals that the memory of them should not perish for a thousand years. In other words, the Emperor proposes to meet barbarism with barbarism, to beat the Chinese at their own game.

We might pause to ask if this is not one more proof of the effect of militarism in coarsening the German character during the past century. The Kaiser's truculent speech marks for us the contrast between the Germany of Goethe and Schiller and Herder and Kant, and that of Hartmann and Nietzsche and Nordau. William's barbarous utterances are naked and unashamed; the great Frederick could be brutal, but his was at least a *barbarisme de bon goût*, like that of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme. But we do not press the point. If Germany has deteriorated in moral tone, she has done so only in company with all Europe. There seems to be no doubt that Lord Salisbury and M. Delcassé have made threats almost as dire as William's. They have informed the Chinese Ministers to England and France that those civilized and Christian nations will demand life for life, apply the *lex talionis* as vindictively as any savage, and for every envoy killed in Pekin hang two viceroys and all the Tsung-li-Yamen.

This is the great danger of the situation—that the allied Powers will be tempted to a vendetta in China. We have heard much of the Yellow Peril. Here is the White Peril. Civilization undoubtedly has a stern and terrible task before it in China. But let it not mistake the temper in which it must be executed. We cannot compete with the Chinese in cruelties. Just see what is implied in the German Emperor's threat to outdo the Chinese in exacting vengeful reparation. It is that the "resources of civilization" are to be employed for barbarous ends. The Chinese are adepts in refinement of cruelty. Killing they will not mind. A thousand heads might fall for every Christian massacred, and China would think nothing of it. So if the Kaiser's wild words mean anything, they mean that our superior knowledge must be drawn on to rack the nerves in exquisite tortures more fiendish than anything the Chinese ever dreamed of. This is what we come to if we merely set about terrifying China. We put ourselves on the level and fight with the weapons of the barbarians against whose enormities we cry to Heaven!

The peril is, in short, lest civilization renounce itself, lest Christianity deny itself. The Empress-Dowager has trampled upon the precepts of Confucius; why should we be bound by the commands and sanctions of our religion? That is the question which it is so easy for the brute in us to put. Civilization, we must remember, is for ever a running fight with the ape and tiger that lurk in man. The civilized man is, in essence, in native passions, the same as the savage man; only he has learned to restrain himself, to yield to the motives that make for social peace and civic stability. But the savage instincts are there. Every sage ruler knows it, dreads the mob, fears the breaking loose of the chained dog. To appeal publicly to the motives of the red Indian is the hugest blunder of which modern statecraft could be guilty. The German Emperor has come very near making it. At the moment when the civilized Powers should be thinking only of justice, of the sole cause (that of right and truth) in which it is ever lawful to "broach the blood o' the world," he clamors for vengeance as would an Apache chief.

This recrudescence of barbarism is suspiciously connected with the great colonizing movement of the end of the century. In its early years we harried the coasts and penetrated into the interior of Africa in search of slaves. It was the persons of the natives we desired; now we boast ourselves that all we want is their lands and goods. In the last analysis, the difference is not so great. Greed was at the bottom of the slave-trade; and it is unquestionably at the bottom of much of our colonization in the name of humanity. A recent letter from the French Congo declares that Europeans, in their haste to become rich through exploiting the natives, are causing discontent everywhere, which promises to lead speedily to a sanguinary outbreak. That is, in little, the way in which the new-fangled mode of spreading civilization means stirring up strife and shedding blood. Dr. Johnson said that men were seldom so innocently employed as when engaged in making money. But this can be true of nations only when their money-making trade is not blood-stained. Commerce with uncivilized nations, relentlessly pursued without regard to the rights or wishes of other peoples, is only a new form of slave-trade. As we see, it rouses savage passions, which are dormant, not dead. China is in great danger, no doubt; but the civilization confronting it is in peril almost as acute, viz., lest, in shattering the power and breaking the pride of the Chinese Empire, we allow the barbarians really to triumph over us by making us as barbarous as themselves.

THE MYCENÆAN HOUSE OF THE DOUBLE-AXE.

OXFORD, July, 1900.

Since the days of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, nothing has made an epoch in European archæology in the sense attaching to those words when used of the revelations for which we have to thank the indomitable energy and unflagging enthusiasm of our compatriot by adoption. But now, since Mr. A. J. Evans has returned from his last archæological campaign in Crete, we are fairly entitled to say that a new era has dawned upon us, and that the blank spaces in the earliest records of European letters and arts are soon to be filled up by an array of new facts.

Six years ago, Mr. Evans discovered in Crete a system, or, rather, two systems, of writing older than that of historic Greece, and distinct from the Phœnician, as well as from the so-called "Hittite" of Asia Minor. The characters of this script he found on seal-stones, and, finally, about two years ago, on a steatite libation table unearthed in the Dictean cave of Zeus. This last was demonstrably of the Mycenæan period. Naturally our investigator's thoughts turned to Cnossos, "the city of Minos and Dædalus," and the "traditional centre of early Cretan civilization." Indeed, as early as 1894, he copied linear characters from a Cnossian seal-stone, and obtained further indications from that site, which confirmed him in a wish to make systematic excavations there. Mr. Stillman had attempted to dig on the site, attracted by the presence of Mycenæan pottery, and by curious signs upon stone blocks showing on the hill of Cephala, near the modern town of Candia. Dr. Schliemann also had striven to secure the right to excavate the site. But all efforts were defeated by the impossibility of coming to terms

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with the Turks in possession of the land.

Such was the situation until the undiscouraged Mr. Evans obtained an undivided sixth interest in the site. This was in 1896, but the difficulties which he overcame between that time and the beginning of his excavations upon the site early in April last, have been innumerable. First came a lawsuit culminating in a forced sale, at which the Turkish joint owners purchased Mr. Evans's share at a preposterous price—which they failed to pay. Then came the Greco-Turkish war and the whole imbroglio of the European Concert, followed by a claim to excavate on this site made by other archæologists. Last of all there was a new lawsuit culminating in a second sale, at which Mr. Evans finally succeeded in obtaining control of the whole site. Apart from a certain assistance covering only a fraction of expenses incurred, Mr. Evans has defrayed the cost of all operations. It is, indeed, to be hoped that the Cretan exploration funds upon which he may in future be able to draw, will be swelled by those who appreciate the far-reaching and universal value of the results obtained.

The site of Cnossos lies on a hill about four miles to the south of the modern Candia, which the Cretans are rebaptizing Heracleion. The hill was popularly known as τοῦ τσελεβῆ ἡ κεφάλα, or "The Chief's Head." A Cretan explorer, Kalokærinos by name, excavated there in 1877 and found Mycenæan walls and potsherds, identified as such by Haussoullier and Fabricius. Fabricius was struck by resemblances to leading features of known Mycenæan palaces. Stillman, in 1881, identified the building as the "Labyrinth" of mythological fame, and now Mr. Evans, after a careful and complete excavation of one-half of the site, finds that both Fabricius and Stillman were right.

A striking confirmation is found, in the sculptured double-axe abounding on the square gypsum stones used in the construction of this Mycenæan palace, of the explanation of the Labyrinth as meaning the House of the Double-Axe. This same double-axe (λάβρυς, given by Plutarch as the Carian for *battle-axe*), supplied a well-known epithet to Zeus in Caria, and figures in both the linear and the pictorial alphabets of Mr. Evans's discoveries as a significant character. Cnossos, then, was the site of the House of the Double-Axe, which was also the palace of the Cretan King Minos, whose authenticated relations with Caria and the Carians make the designation of his palace by the Carian name of Labyrinth a very natural one.

The part of the palace laid bare by Mr. Evans reveals a complex of walls, not yet sufficiently studied to yield a determinate ground-plan. The material used for most of the partition wall was rough-quarried stones, compacted together with a clayey compound, and there is a plentiful use of something not unlike whitewash upon wall surfaces. The more solid walls, however, are often built of beautifully squared gypsum blocks, superior in their workmanship even to the much-admired walls of the sixth Trojan city, identified with Homer's Ilium. Sills and pillars are all of stone, as far as the first story reaches. There are unmistakable signs of numerous wooden columns which rested on stone bases that are still well preserved. There was an upper part of the building made of wood.

The whole of the excavated portion of this palace of Minos falls into two unequal parts, extending to the east and west of a long and narrow corridor, which runs nearly due north and south. Opening upon this corridor are a series of long and narrow magazines, which lie to the west of it, and were used for the storage of wheat and the like. This western side of the palace suggests, in the general effect of its ground-plan, what we might call a labyrinth, and in each of its long magazine-rooms are subterranean storage-places, which appear to have been lined with lead. The incised representations of the double-axe abound in this part, so that, if the name Labyrinth were specifically to be applied to one part rather than to another, it would attach to this westernmost complex of buildings.

Rather the larger half of the portion excavated lies upon the eastern side of the long corridor above mentioned, and might be distinctively called the palace of Minos, since it contains, among various rooms not yet very definitely disentangled, though all belonging to the natural ground-plan of a Mycenæan palace, the council-chamber of Minos. This is a large chamber, nearly square, with an anteroom of almost equal dimensions. The anteroom, which had for the most part been already excavated, is approached and entered by a short flight of stairs and four doors separated by narrow door-posts. It communicates with the council-chamber by means of a doorway, whose width is almost that of the whole partition separating the two rooms. The council-chamber itself falls into two parts. To your left on entering, steps lead down to a square water-tank, whose bottom level is about five feet lower than the floor of the rest of the council-chamber. Three carefully chiselled circular holes show that there were three cedar posts or columns extending from the balustrade which fenced off this tank from the council-chamber, to some sort of a roof, which covered it in. This fact shows that there was no roof covering the council-chamber as a whole, the central part of which was open to the sky. Opposite this balustrade and screen, and facing the tank, is the throne of Minos, with stone benches on either side of it, presumably for his councillors. The judgment-seat of Minos is supplied with a stone footstool, and is a chair fashioned out of solid gypsum. Its proportions are more or less those of the throne of England in the choir of Westminster Abbey. It is a chair with four straight legs and a very high straight back, the nine wavelike curves of whose contour closely reproduce a magnified oakleaf of the lobed variety. Between the two front legs of the throne is a curious panel suggestive of a Gothic arch, though not quite pointed, and decorated with four crockets which are strikingly Gothic in their outline and decorative effect. The back of the throne is all but embedded in the surface of the wall, which still bears clear remains of plants painted in fresco. Traces of similar fresco work are plain elsewhere on the walls of this chamber, and there are two remarkable griffins with unmistakable peacock feathers on their heads, and cross-hatchings to indicate shadows and give relief to the modelling of their bodies. This is a remarkable technique when we compare it with that of red-figured vase-paintings, and the peacock feathers come as a surprise in such early work, since the Greeks are not usually supposed to have known the peacock until a rather late date.

The only other feature of the council-chamber worth mention here is a small alcove which probably was used for bathing. The general plan of a central space open to the sky, and an adjoining tank-room, has a certain resemblance to similar features in well-known buildings of Egyptian antiquity. It may be well to mention that an Egyptian statue, clearly marked by its inscription as of the early twelfth dynasty, was unearthed in the palace, where also were found various unmistakable traces of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. These discoveries serve to give us roughly the chronological limits within which the Cnossian Labyrinth was built. It has yielded, says Mr. Evans, "hardly a scrap of anything later than the great days of Mycenæ, or, to give an approximate chronology, the fourteenth century before Christ."

But, to return to the palace of Minos, we have not yet done with its frescoes. A marvellous stroke of luck has preserved considerable remains of the large frescoes in a spacious corridor by which, apparently, a large open court was approached. The final catastrophe which befell all the buildings on this site more than three thousand years ago was a conflagration that might easily have destroyed all traces of wall-painting, since it performed the useful function of baking the tablets of unburned clay bearing inscriptions which Mr. Evans has found in various chambers. The large wall paintings in question fell to the ground face downward; and this fall, like the similar one of the Hermes at Olympia, has been a godsend to the archæologists of to-day. Had the wall stood upright through all these centuries, there would have been nothing left of the frescoes to-day, for the whole building lies very close to the surface of the soil—the back of Minos's judgment-seat, for instance, was separated from the level ground above it only by about four feet of soil. Of this large fresco, then, only the very lowest part—showing two pairs of red feet and one of white feet belonging respectively to two men and one woman—remains *in situ*. Of the original effect the following description appears to be true. On both sides of the corridor were processions, much like those adorning certain early Egyptian tombs, consisting of youths painted very nearly the size of life. These youths are naked except for a hip-cloth of beautiful texture and brilliant pattern (rosettes, scales, and the like), which is hung from the waist quite over the hips and nearly half-way down to the knees. This cloth is of almost gossamer lightness, and is held down by weights such as were used to maintain the adjustment of their robes by the latter-day Greeks. There are several details in the disposition of this very scanty drapery which strongly resemble similar effects in Egyptian pictures. Also, there seems to be indicated, behind the youths' legs, some sort of a stream of water, and this encourages the notion that these figures were tribute-bearers from beyond the streams of ocean. Strikingly enough, the wrists of these figures are adorned with blue (silver) bands, to which are attached oval stones, the counterpart of those "island stones" upon which Mr. Evans first discovered characters of the Mycenæan alphabet. These youths have long hair hanging unconfined down their backs, and are moving towards a female

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figure, identified by two white feet and the hem of a highly variegated robe. Among the marching youths here and there are heavily draped figures of men and occasionally a woman. These were plainly magnates decked out in full festal attire.

It is not, however, in these ceremonial robes and magnificent personages that our interest centres. The tribute-bearing youths, especially, of course, the one marvellous figure among them which is preserved almost entire, come to us, out of the dark backward and abysm of time, clothed in a youthful brightness and perfection of manly beauty which far outshine the known perfections of Mycenæan art as elsewhere unearthed. Looking at these youths, we feel that the perfected art of vase-painting in the red-figured style of the fifth century B. C. was, after all, no new departure, but a revival. And yet the one youth's face, seen in profile, that has been unearthed is by no means definitely of the generalized Greek type—it is far more individual. We seem to have before us, united in the prehistoric perfections of early Cretan art, the realistic style of the earliest Egyptian dynasties (*cf.* the well-known statuette of the scribe in the Louvre), and the idealizing manner of the sculptors and vase-painters who preceded Phidias.

That the Labyrinth might not lack its bull, there was, at the end of one of these processional paintings, a painted bull. This painting covers three independently frescoed surfaces, upon each of which in its day had stood the picture of a bull. Nor were other representations of bulls lacking in this, the Minotaur's lair. The head of a bull and parts of its body, the whole modelled with consummate skill in high relief and wonderfully painted larger than life, has been unearthed on this site. Wonderful as the technique of the bulls on the Vapheio cup undoubtedly is, this Cnossian bull is of even finer workmanship. To proceed from the colossal to the minute, let us here mention a curious piece of crystal, found also by Mr. Evans, which bears upon it the enamelled miniature of a bull. Here, again, the technique is marvellous, and the glittering intensity of life which looks out through the bull's eye from this miniature has the speaking power of the wonderful donkey's eye that looks out from behind Watteau's well-known "Pierrot" in the Louvre.

Even yet we have not done with the frescoes discovered by Mr. Evans in the palace of Minos, for the greatest surprise of all in many ways is the discovery of another group of wall-paintings, the remains of which are unfortunately almost pulverized. These fragments have been ingeniously pieced together, and even more may be made out of them by further industry and skill. Their scale is as small as that of the tribute-bearing procession is large. They are miniatures executed in a very sketchy style, but with a freedom of hand and an eye for the attitudes of aristocratic ease and graceful *savoir-faire* which are simply amazing. The chief interest here centres in groups of extremely well-dressed ladies, belonging, it would seem, to the most exclusive circles of a highly organized social world. They are swiftly sketched in on a white background, and are sitting in the open air. One of them has seated herself near the horn and pillar of a temple, the counterpart of which may be found on various Mycenæan seal-rings. All of them are *décolletées* to an extent which prompts a hope that traces of some sort of a gossamer fichu may eventually be made out. Their attire is otherwise most elegant, and the curled tresses of their coiffures form a pleasing feature in their picturesque silhouettes. Far more sketchy are the groups of men similarly sketched in black on a reddish background. These are for the most part merely the outlines of various male profiles. The effect of a crowd achieved in all these groups is quite unique.

Space is lacking for discussing the rich and various vases, jars, lamps, and the like which Mr. Evans found in several corners of the great palace. And I can say but a word of the vast accumulations of inscribed clay tablets which form a part of the new discoveries that has a universal importance. Of these Mr. Evans has spoken in detailed letters to the *Athenæum* of May 19 and June 23, 1900. The tables are "oblong slips of hand-moulded clay, flat on the engraved sides, with almost adzelike ends, but thickening towards the centre of the back." They vary in length from about two to upwards of seven inches. They were found in receptacles of wood or clay, and the clay seals with which they were secured have been found. These seals still bear the impressions of engraved Mycenæan gems, and in many cases have been carefully countersigned (presumably by some superior officer) both on the front and the back. It seems tolerably sure that a large portion of them relate to palace accounts. One set plainly refers to chariots, and on another group are discovered pictorial representations of Mycenæan vases and the like. Numbers, of course, abound on these inventories.

As to the characters of the script, several of them are identical with linear forms found on Cretan seals of the same period. Affinities with the Cypriote syllabary and with Lycian and Carian characters are not lacking. Let it be understood that the above description applies solely to the first 1,000-odd inscriptions discovered at Cnossos, and that the numerous characters thus discovered (sixty-seven have been so far distinguished by Mr. Evans) chiefly resemble one of the systems previously discovered in Crete and the Aegean in being linear rather than pictorial. The execution of these Cnossian linear inscriptions shows a firmness of touch and deftness of hand not achieved elsewhere. Their general aspect has the beauty of archaic Greek inscriptions, and is palpably not of Babylonian, Egyptian, Hittite, or Phœnician inspiration. Here, as Mr. Evans says, we have "the work on Cretan soil of an Aegean people."

Quite apart from these linear characters are the pictographic inscriptions found last of all by Mr. Evans in one of the "magazines" of the Labyrinth. The clay tablets here found are inscribed with a "hieroglyphic" type of writing identical with the pictographic characters long since published by Mr. Evans from various prism seal-stones of eastern Crete. This system is more or less obviously allied to Egyptian hieroglyphics, although it embraces not a few linear forms. It is probably pre-Mycenæan, and plainly was at home among the Eteocretes of the region of Mount Dicte.

LOUIS DYER.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—V.

THE AMERICAN SECTION.

With that absurd building standing to our discredit on the banks of the Seine, it is a pleasure to find the American the most interesting of the foreign sections in the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. I have said that the French have spared to all other countries only the same amount of space reserved for their own Decennial Collection. Even under these conditions, they have been more generous to Italy and Spain, whose painters can barely fill the rooms allotted to them, than to the United States. But, in a way, what at first seems so unfair has proved an advantage. There is too much in the French section; you cannot see it all, nor, for that matter, do you want to see it all. Acres of the usual Salon commonplace must be waded through before you come to the few pictures of importance, either in themselves or in the history of the last decade. But in the United States section small room is left for commonplace. The difficulty has been to fit in the work of men really distinguished or prominent. Fortunately the committee realized that, at whatever cost of heart-burning for others and criticism for themselves, only the best should be exhibited. Several other things have crept in—no committee is beyond reproach. Several omissions might be noted. Where, for instance, are Mr. McLure Hamilton, Mr. Dewing, Mr. Frank Mura? Where Miss Mary Cassatt? Where Mr. Duveneck, Mr. Elihu Vedder? Nor is there an endeavor to bring forward younger men so as to make new reputations. But, on the whole, the poor work is rare, the omissions are not many, and it is the object of an exhibition of this kind to record the past, not to predict the future. Besides, the mistake of the British committee in overloading their walls with numbers, bad work, and dead reputations, has been avoided. It is better to show a few good things than a patchwork of any sort of pictures reaching from floor to ceiling.

The hanging is excellent; each painting treated with due respect and given the necessary margin. The cool neutral green of the background is admirable for the purpose, and refreshing after the red walls of the English and French galleries. There are only two faults. One is that an extra room down stairs—put at the service of the committee at the last moment, one would say, from the look of it—has been used as a sort of rubbish heap; the other, that the balcony has been turned to so little account. In almost all the other sections, additional wall space has been gained by building up small galleries on this balcony. But the American prints, drawings, and architecture are crowded into a corner that almost any one of the exhibitors could have covered had he had the chance to do himself justice. However, the arrangement, on the whole, is so excellent that these faults can be the more readily forgotten.

I confess I came to the American section prejudiced. That is, I was more curious to see it, more interested in it, than any other. I know the work of American artists who live in London and Paris, who exhibit, year after year, in the Academy and the two Salons, and who, in their art, are usually as French as the native-born Frenchman. The work of American artists who stay at home I know less well, and yet

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to it one must look for the development of any purely American characteristics, though it must be remembered that great art is not to be produced because a man chooses to live within the boundaries of our glorious Imperial Republic, much as some of our law-givers would like to make American artists, residing temporarily abroad, believe it. I do not think, however, prejudice alone could account for my pleasure when I found that not only has the little group of cool green rooms a greater air of distinction because of its very simplicity than the others; that not only does it contain examples of the most distinguished artists of to-day; but that, in the average of the pictures, there is a more complete expression of personality, far more freshness of vision and individuality of observation, than in any of the foreign sections, even the Scandinavian that does not err from want of character; but then, all Europe has seen over and over again almost everything the Norsemen have to show. It seems, indeed, as if when next the French schools and studios are stirred into new life as they were in the thirties, and again in the seventies, the impulse might come from America.

Mr. Whistler, of course, is to be considered apart. It makes no difference where he works, where he travels, where he lives, he still remains himself and his art his own, unaffected by the fashions and movements of the day. He is no more French because he happens to have his headquarters in Paris than Velasquez was Italian after his visit to Italy, or Rubens Spanish after his journey to Spain. Whatever may be the future of art in America, the country can already claim one of the world's masters. Mr. Whistler sends three pictures: the well-known "Little White Girl," as perfect in her pale beauty as the beautiful women of Titian or Leonardo, and painted, it should be remembered, in England, at a time when Rossetti, with his tortuous, tortured ladies, was bringing a morbid type into vogue; and two portraits never before seen. One is of himself—the first described as a portrait, if I remember rightly, since that memorable half-length of the young painter, with long hair and big wide-brimmed hat, in all the swagger of youth, once in Mr. Ionides's collection. It is a full-length, and he stands facing you, a long coat hanging loose about his shoulders, one hand extended, a figure full of dignity and grace. The other is a portrait of a lady in gray. Her back is turned, but her face, with its strange, beautiful pallor under the heavy black hair, is shown in profile. The pose is elegance itself; the head, with that wonderful flat modelling of which Mr. Whistler alone has the secret, is full of character and the pride of race; and the harmony of gray and silver is very lovely. The corners where these two large pictures hang are presumably places of honor. But, for my part, I should like to see the three hung together. And this applies not merely to Mr. Whistler, but to every one else who exhibits more than a single work. For these three pictures Mr. Whistler has been awarded a medal of honor, and a similar distinction has been conferred upon him for his etchings.

Mr. Sargent also has received a medal of honor for his painting; his name thus coupled with Mr. Whistler's. But Mr. Sargent's portraits are on quite another plane. In London they dazzle one by their cleverness; in Paris they are but distinguished examples of the extremely able modern school of portrait-painters. Even at the Academy, however, his Mrs. Carl Meyer, exhibited there a couple of years ago, suggested not so much Sargent as Boldini; at the Exposition, it has to stand the immediate test of comparison with M. Boldini's amazing display in the near Italian rooms. When you look at his portraits of women, of the Comte de Montesquiou, above all of Mr. Whistler—never hitherto exhibited in Paris, though I believe it has been shown in New York with no great success—you feel that here is what Mr. Sargent and so many are attempting to do, but M. Boldini alone succeeds in doing. He gives life itself on his canvas—a likeness more exact, detail for detail, than any photograph, but painted with a vivacity, a style, a brilliancy of technique quite unparalleled. You might be looking at Mr. Whistler's reflection in the glass, as he sits there, his right elbow on the back of his chair, his head resting on the extended fingers of the hand, the other hand holding his hat at his knee. You could easily imagine an arrangement of draperies or hangings by which the illusion would be as complete as in the old stories of the painter's triumph. I do not say this is the highest form of art: how could I, in the face of Mr. Whistler's portraits of himself and the lady in gray? But I do say that it requires an enormous amount of knowledge, skill, and talent; and that, in this sort of achievement, no one can be compared to M. Boldini; certainly not Mr. Sargent in the "Mrs. Meyer" and "Mr. Wertheimer" that made such a sensation at the Academy, but that seem now almost tame by comparison. Nor does Mr. Sargent's new portrait of Miss Thomas, Dean of Bryn Mawr College, stand the test any better. The light, concentrated on the face, forces it out of relation to the rest of the canvas, and the twisted hands and arms might be those of a paralytic cripple. It has neither the overpowering truth and vivacity of M. Boldini, nor the distinction of Mr. Whistler. Indeed, it has not the brilliancy of his own "Mrs. Meyer" nor the amusing self-satisfied dignity of his "Mr. Wertheimer." The "Miss Thomas" is respectably commonplace.

Miss Beaux, subjected to the same test, shares much the same fate as Mr. Sargent. Her "Mother and Daughter" and "Mother and Son," accomplished as they are—accomplished enough to win a gold medal from the jury—have less individuality, less originality, than the child clasping an unseen nurse's hand, and the other portraits that hung with it in the new Salon a few years since and gained for Miss Beaux her present reputation in Paris. The pictures she now shows are sound and workmanlike; there is no other woman exhibitor—though there are several men—to compete with her. But, like Mr. Sargent's, they lack, on the one hand, the supreme distinction of all, on the other, the absolute truth to life that astounds one in M. Boldini. Nor has she been fair to herself in her selection. It is to be regretted if she thought she would not be allowed to contribute work already exhibited in Paris. The great feature of these international exhibitions is that the artist, no matter how often his best work has been seen, can show it again, and Miss Beaux has not sent her best.

Mr. Alexander is a more distinct disappointment. It is difficult to understand what he has been trying to do. But it seems almost as if a determination to be original at any cost were leading him hopelessly astray. His two canvases, "Mother and Child" and "Autumn," where the swirl of his ladies' skirts has grown more impossible than ever, have the quality of tapestry rather than of painting; while for his portrait of M. Rodin he has borrowed, apparently, M. Bonnat's trick of technique, applying it to a much lighter scheme of color, with bewildering restlessness as the result. Mr. Dannat's new departures are not much more fortunate. Mr. MacEwen and Mr. Melchers are both less happy in their portraits than in their pictures of Dutch peasants. Mr. Alden Weir, I imagine, might have made a selection of portraits more favorable to himself. Mr. Humphreys Johnston's portrait of his mother does not lose upon being seen a second time. But, for a more strictly personal standpoint, you must go rather to Mr. Eakins, whose "Man with the Violoncello" is as straightforward, vigorous, and uncompromising a rendering of a strong type as you could find; Mr. Chase, whose "Lady with the White Shawl" has the charm of simplicity and reticence, and is altogether worthy of the gold medal the jury, I hear, have bestowed upon it; Mr. Vonnoh, who is unmistakably serious even in his affectations; Mr. Wiles, whose charmingly pathetic "Mother and Daughter," I think, has never been shown in Europe before; and, above all, Mr. De Forest Brush, whose "Mother and Child" (also awarded a gold medal, I believe), both in the finished work and the study for it has the merit of being composed—a rare merit in portraits nowadays; the picture is not sacrificed to the mere likeness, nor the color to character. It has the beauty of arrangement of an old Madonna and Child.

But, when all is said, it is not in the portraits that the originality of the American artist is revealed. What strikes me most is the fact that an entirely new school of landscape has sprung up in America. It is true that there is little in the collection but portraits and landscapes. Owing, no doubt, to the size of the rooms, none of the recent decorative work of the American artist is included, and Mr. Reid's design on the façade of the United States building is better forgotten in the midst of the mural decorations of the French artist. The only large canvas is Mr. Abbey's "Hamlet" from the Academy of a couple of years ago—a picture, careful, well-studied, successful beyond the reach of the average British Academician, but, in Paris, overshadowed by the abler performances of men like Jean Paul Laurens, Baron Leys, and how many more? Of other work that does not come under the two chief classifications, I need mention simply Mr. Eakins's "Boxing Match," as astonishing in its vigor and truth as his portrait; the study of still life—so brilliant Vollon need not have been ashamed of it—by Mr. Chase; the remarkably original arrangement by Mr. Tarbell; the pictures of Mr. Darling, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Low, Mr. Millet; Mr. Tanner's "Daniel in the Lion's Den," not so much characteristic of the painter himself as of the power of imitativeness peculiar to his

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race; and the beautiful "Virgin Enthroned," by Mr. Abbott Thayer. This last, probably familiar enough in New York, I see now for the first time, and I cannot help noting, as I am sure has been noted many times already, the dignity of the composition, suggested by the early Italian and Flemish Madonnas, and the independence with which Mr. Thayer, adapting to it his modern method, has steered clear of the sensationalism of Jean Béraud at the one extreme, of the prosaic literal affectation of Van Uhde at the other. He has not been affected by the passing fashion for the religious picture. Love of beauty has been his inspiration, and so well has he succeeded that the little child, wholly modern and American, kneeling to the right of the Virgin, against the vague blue background, is as lovely as the angels of Bellini. It would have been strange had a gold medal been refused.

These pictures, however, represent the interests and tendencies of individual painters. It is another matter with the landscapes, which, whether the artists are conscious of it or not—and I do not think attention has been called to the fact—represent a distinct school of American landscapes, purely and entirely American. I should say that these painters are distinguished chiefly by their desire to render the aspect of the landscape before them, or their impression of it, as truly as Monet and his followers, but with a beauty that shall not be lost, as too often happens in the present dealer-boomed, made-and-sold-while-you-wait phase of so-called impressionism. The painters of the American group never forget this beauty in the study of the vibration of light, the quality of color under varying atmospheric conditions, the division and subdivision of tones into streaks of paint, or any other problem, however absorbing in itself. Let it be understood that I have no objection to impressionism. It simply means the work of men of strong individuality, and, therefore, great men; and among them, some day, may be found the name of Claude Monet. But that is no reason why his every study, his every unsuccessful experiment, should be accepted as a work of genius. As the American landscape painters seek their motives in a country as different in character and atmospheric effects as well can be from that of the masters of the Continental schools, they have been forced to cultivate their powers of observation, and to see and experiment for themselves.

It is not an exaggeration to say that, from one end of the Exposition to the other, I found no painter who seemed so legitimate a descendant of Corot and the Barbizonians as Inness, though in method and style so entirely unlike them. His love for beauty is as evident as theirs, but his originality is no less remarkable. They never would have ventured upon so gay a scheme as his "Sunny Autumn Day," with the gold and red of the foliage repeated in the gold and red of the flowers below; the austerity of French landscape would have been against it. But they were never more graceful in their tree forms or lovelier in the lines of their composition. The picture has the dignity, the serenity of a fine Corot, with a quality as strikingly individual, and a color scheme not any other painter I know of has succeeded in carrying out. It is interesting to compare it with a landscape by Mr. East in the adjoining English rooms, an attempt to produce the same harmony of gold and red; but Mr. East's picture is nothing more than a mosaic of hot color, while Inness's brilliant autumn tints are softened and fused and harmonized in the radiant October sunlight. There is no question that he holds a place among the greatest masters of landscape.

Wyant I do not think strikes as individual a note. He is more nearly akin to the French Romanticists, at least as I see him in the Exposition, with his solemn "Sunlit Valley" winding between low hills, the lofty arch of the trees "In the Adirondacks," opening to show the vista of delicate green beyond and the fine gray moonlight. I do not know more of his work; I can speak of it only as it now appears to me. Two charming little pastorals, by Mr. Dessar, show something of the influence of Millet. In the stately "Brooklyn Bridge," by Mr. Ranger, I should say the development of a new and amusing convention rather than strict accuracy was his object: I doubt if the bridge ever looked like that, but I doubt, too, if a more faithful report would have produced such an effect of height and size. There is more of convention than of Nature again in certain men like Mr. Gihon and Mr. Dearth. Then, one or two others—Mrs. Macmonnies, in her brilliant "Lilies and Roses," Theodore Robinson, Mr. Benson—have come largely under the spell of Monet; one or two, like Mr. Parrish, seem to have been caught and badly entangled in the so-called decorative movement of the day. But they are the exceptions. The larger number of landscape painters are as individual, as American, as Inness.

Nowhere is this more marked than in the numerous studies of snow and snow-effects; Mr. Childe Hassam's wonderfully true Fifth Avenue, on a white winter day; Mr. Platt's low hills under their covering of snow; Mr. Needham's cold frozen park, with the few figures to mark its whiteness, and the sunlight falling on the buildings beyond; Mr. Alden Weir's ice-cutters among the brown trees; Mr. Coffin's daring and surprisingly successful attempt to give the lurid splendor of the red-streaked sky at sunrise on a snowy morning; Mr. Palmer's little red house, where a Senator was born, stranded in snowy wastes; the wintry pictures of Mr. Taber, Mr. Ochtman, Mr. Nettleton, Mr. Eaton. There are few things more difficult to paint than snow. James Maris, M. Thaulow, and M. Monet are almost the only Europeans I know of who have managed to suggest both its truth and its beauty. And here you come upon a large group of painters who have approached the subject fearlessly, and rendered its loveliness, under many aspects, more perfectly than it has ever been done before, and without any reference to European work. And the same success marks the other landscapes, in which the motive, as a rule, is the simplest, as if to emphasize the fact that the magic is in light, in atmosphere: Mr. Chase's wide stretch of empty country, with the gleam of the sea beyond—though Mr. Chase shows his European training and is much less American, less individual, than many; Mr. Homer Martin's wooded hills bathed in blue mist; Mr. Bruce Crane's lovely little white house; Mr. Davis's quiet summer evening; Mr. Redfield's desolate road; the landscapes of Mr. Meakin, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Francis Murphy. There is always evidence of something seen, something observed, something felt. And so it is with Mr. Winslow Homer's fantastic dance by the sea, his man on the lookout, gray in the blue night, his "Coast of Maine" with the great waves rolling in; he has seen these things for himself, though, perhaps, not as pictures. In a word, it is the genuineness of the land- and sea-scapes that impresses one. They are the work of men who have learned all the schools can teach technically, but are not hampered by tradition nor bound by convention; men who are alive to the fact that a picture, though true, may be a thing of beauty; and this, of course, was exactly the stand of the Romanticists, of Mr. Whistler when he painted his nocturnes. They do not strive after technical eccentricity, they make no attempt at classicism, at what is called impressionism, or any other ism, except Americanism. There is no doubt that the exhibition proves absolutely that we have a genuine school of American landscape.

Their pictures do not exhaust the excellence of the collection. I have said nothing of Mr. Muhrman's stately, impressive designs, which do not, however, tell as they should; Mr. Mark Fisher's "Drove of Swine," a regrettable choice, since it does him scant justice; Mr. Hitchcock's Dutch gardens; Mr. Swain Gifford's little green landscape; Mr. Church's fantasy; Mr. Bunce's Venetian waters; R. Blum's Japanese markets; Mr. La Farge's South Sea notes; Mr. Johnston's Summer Night Idyl; Mr. Fromuth's boats. I have said nothing of the pictures of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Gay, Mr. Bisbing, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Bridgman, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Ridgway Knight, Miss Elizabeth Nourse, that carry the stamp of the Salons with them. But it seems to me that whatever is freshest in the art of America comes from the men who have stayed at home and ignored Salons, and made a movement of their own. I do not want it to be thought for a minute that great artists like Mr. Whistler are to be dismissed by this summing up. There are several American artists in Europe who, deservedly, are recognized as the masters of American art. But it is especially interesting to see a new phase of that art, which has never been properly represented in Europe before.

The American artist has distinguished himself no less in his sculpture, drawings, prints, and miniatures. But of all this work I must wait to write until I can give it the necessary space. N. N.

THE MUTINY OF THE "BOUNTY."

DUBLIN, July 11, 1900.

Sixty years ago, children had, more than now, to be content with oft-told tales. Many that then held us enthralled have now almost faded from general consciousness. Amongst them is that of the mutiny of the *Bounty* and of Pitcairn's Island, upon the first chapter of which Byron founded his poem of "The Island." We wonder how many young fellows have by its perusal been sent to sea in the expectation of visiting the South Sea Islands. Many passages still haunt our memory:

> "The morning watch was come; the vessel lay
> Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
> The cloven billow flashed from off her prow
> In furrows formed by that majestic plough;
> The waters with their world were all before;
> Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore."

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Or, further on in the poem:

" 'Huzza! for Otaheite' was the cry,
As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease."

The recent republication in New York (by M. F. Mansfield), without note or comment, of Lieutenant Bligh's 'Narrative of the Mutiny' (an excerpt from the account of his whole voyage) renders it opportune, if only in justice to the memory of the Mutineers, now to repeat the chief points of the story.*

Tahiti had been discovered by Wallis in 1763, and was subsequently visited by Captain Cook. The possible capabilities of the breadfruit as a food for slaves attracted the notice of the British West Indian planters. At their instance, the Admiralty in 1787 decided to transport a cargo of plants from Tahiti. The *Bounty*, a full-rigged ship of 215 tons, was selected. It was put under the command of Lieut. William Bligh, aged thirty-four, who had accompanied Cook on one of his voyages. Second in command was Fletcher Christian, aged twenty-four. He was of good family. His brother Edward became professor of law at Cambridge, and well known as editor of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' The *Bounty* sailed in December, 1787, reached Tahiti in October, 1788, took in her cargo, and left for the West Indies in April, 1789. Bligh had from the first shown himself to the last degree irritable, suspicious, and passionate. The crew had been on short allowance since within a fortnight of leaving England. He was not even on speaking terms with his officers; they had come to take their meals separately. Affairs culminated three weeks after they had left Tahiti. Bligh accused officers and men of stealing his cocoanuts. "I hope you do not think me so mean," exclaimed Christian. The appellatives "—— hound," "thief," and threats to flog and make him jump overboard, were Bligh's rejoinder. That night, brooding over his wrongs, Christian upon the moment conceived the idea of seizing the ship. The watch on deck gladly seconded him. Bligh and those likely to be his friends were secured in their hammocks, a boat was lowered, and they, with a scanty supply of water and provisions, were hurried into it. In reply to Bligh's protestations and appeals, Christian said it was then too late. "I have been in hell this fortnight past, and am determined to bear it no longer. You know that during the whole voyage I have been treated like a dog." He handed his own sextant and nautical tables to Bligh. Bligh's navigation of the twenty-three-foot boat, with eighteen officers and men, loaded at first to within eight inches of the gunwale, 3,600 miles, to the Dutch settlement of Timor, is a thrilling story of the sea. Twelve of the party, by different routes, lived to reach England. Bligh was afterward appointed Governor of New South Wales. His conduct was so arbitrary and outrageous that the settlement rose against him, imprisoned him, and sent him home. He was appointed an Admiral in 1811 and died in 1817.

As Bligh's better qualities were, in the perils of the boat voyage, fully shown, so were those of Christian, the wave of passion over. He clearly recognized and accepted the irrevocable consequences of the step he and his had taken. To the last he appears to have conserved the respect of those—at first twenty-five, all told—who had thrown in their lot with him or whom he had detained. They reached Tahiti again in June, took on board a party of natives, sailed for the neighboring island of Tibouai, and there set about the construction of a fort. Contests ensued with the natives. They returned to Tahiti. Sixteen of the mutineers decided to sojourn there, while Christian and eight others, accompanied by a number of Tahitian men and women, sought some refuge in the *Bounty*. As he embarked on the 17th of September, 1789, he advised those who remained, in best chance for their lives, at once to deliver themselves up to the British vessel which, if Bligh and his crew reached civilization, would certainly be sent in search of them. He alone was responsible for the mutiny. He exonerated all, even his adherents, from so much as suggesting it. He begged young Heywood, a midshipman, who was fully clear, should he reach England, to communicate to his (Christian's) family all the circumstances of the case "which might extenuate, though they could not justify, the crime he had committed against the laws of his country."

The *Pandora* frigate appeared off Tahiti in March, 1791. Two of the mutineers on the island had been killed. The fourteen survivors gave themselves up or were taken. The partings between many of them and the native female connections they had formed were heartrending. On the *Pandora* they were treated with barbarous severity. The frigate cruised for some weeks in the neighboring seas in vain search for any trace of the *Bounty*, and then left for England. She was wrecked upon a reef in Endeavour Strait, thirty of her crew and four of the mutineers perishing. The voyage of the ninety-nine survivors in three open boats, 1,400 miles to Timor, was another thrilling passage in the general tragedy. Of the ten mutineers who reached England, four years after their departure, and were tried by court-martial, three were acquitted, two were executed, one imprisoned, and the others, although found guilty, were so patently innocent that they were pardoned. Among these last was Midshipman Heywood, who afterward rose to distinction as a commander in the navy.

Nineteen years passed from the day on which the *Bounty* sank below the horizon of Tahiti before the mystery which hung over the fate of those who sailed in her was revealed. In September, 1808, the *Topaz*, a United States vessel, sighted an unknown rocky island in the South Pacific, and, short of water, sailed close in. The shore, upon which a tremendous surf was breaking, appeared inaccessible. The cliffs were crowned with luxuriant vegetation. Smoke, showing habitation, was perceived, and a canoe was presently seen approaching, manned by a dusky crew, who hailed the ship in English. The captain went ashore, and what was his astonishment to be greeted by a white man, calling himself John Adams, who stated that he was the last survivor of those who had stood by the *Bounty*, and that his thirty-four companions were Tahitian widows, or the widows of the Tahitians who had accompanied them, and their descendants. When told of the French Revolution, and the series of naval victories achieved by his countrymen, the worn man threw up his hat, and exclaimed, "Old England for ever!" He had changed his real name of Alexander Smith to that which he then bore.

Christian knew of the existence of Pitcairn's Island, discovered by Carteret in 1767, and must have thought of it as likely to be a safe refuge. He was out of the ordinary track of vessels—truly 25° 3′ 37″ S., 130° 88′ 23″ W. Thither he directed the *Bounty*, but had some difficulty in finding it, as it was laid down 200 miles out of its real position. This was an additional safety, and the reason why the *Topaz* supposed hers to be a fresh discovery. A landing was with some difficulty effected. The small extent of the islet (under two square miles) was divided into nine equal portions among the whites. The *Bounty* was dismantled and sunk, so as not to attract attention from possible passing vessels. For three years all went tolerably well. The little community settled down to spend out their lives in their new home. Then the wife of one of the mutineers was killed by falling from a cliff. He attempted to allocate to himself the wife of one of the Tahitians. Disputes ensued, which, it is believed, Christian did his best to allay. But he and four others fell in the carrying out of a plan of the Tahitian men to kill all the whites. The few white survivors cleared off the colored males. Tragedies ensued between the whites themselves, and the year 1800 found Adams the sole survivor, with a community of women and young children. Misfortune had elevated and broadened his character. He had done his best to inculcate religious principles and to establish civilization and order in the little community.

The discovery of the retreat of the surviving mutineers, by the *Topaz*, in 1808, was not followed up. The Napoleonic wars gave people at home enough otherwise to think of. Six years later, two English frigates came upon the island. The commanders were so impressed with the almost idyllic state to which Adams had brought his charge, that no thought was entertained of transporting him to England. The fears of the community lest he should be, led to affecting scenes. Thenceforward Pitcairn was taken specially under British patronage. Adams passed away in 1829, aged sixty-five, in the presence of his family and of his affectionate flock, all of whom loved and revered him as a parent. He was succeeded in the government by George H. Nobbs, a missionary, who had landed, and who had married a granddaughter of Christian's.

By 1856, the population so pressed upon the means of subsistence that they, 250 in number, were transported to Norfolk Island, placed at their disposal by the British Government. Bishop Patteson took special interest in their welfare there. Three years later, sixteen hired a vessel and returned to Pitcairn, followed by twenty-seven in 1864. News was occasionally brought by her Majesty's ships that called off the island, leaving stores of provisions, clothing, and sundries such as soap and iron. Until of late years these reports were on the whole satisfactory. The last are of the most discouraging character, tending to prove the impossibility of a community that has once been brought in touch with civilization long existing without the power of expansion or of its members fully exercising their faculties. These last par-

*The most comprehensive book upon the subject is Lady Belcher's 'Mutineers of the Bounty and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands,' published by Murray in 1870. A Parliamentary paper (C. 9148, February, 1899) brings the history of Pitcairn's Island down to 1898.

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ticulars are set out in the Parliamentary paper already referred to. They consist chiefly of reports of the commanders of H. M.'s Ss. *Comus*, *Constance*, and *Royalist*. The island now presents a barren aspect from the cutting down, and little care in replanting, trees. The population in August, 1898, was 142—fifty-one the descendants of Christian, forty-seven of Midshipman Young; the others of blood mixed with that of stray arrivals. There is no liquor, smoking is unknown, water the only drink. The men are strong and active; the women the same. General loss of the front teeth is noticeable, and "a want of something." "They do absolutely nothing all day," and refused the literature offered them. "An American missionary and his wife, who have been on the island since June, 1896, superintending the school, both assured me that the want of intellect among the young was simply appalling, and they had no hesitation in putting it down to this intermarrying. In fact, they had given up all hope of improvement and intended leaving by the first opportunity." "I am told the morals of the community are not what they should be." "I have no hesitation in saying," continues Commander Dyke of the *Comus*, "that soon the question will have to be faced—are they to continue as they are?—viz., marrying among themselves and increasing. The slender resources they have will not stand a much larger population, and among the young men a desire is evinced to leave the island."

This is a gloomy ending of the story of Pitcairn's Island that opened so tragically over one hundred years ago. Relics of the *Bounty* are shown in the United Service Museum, Whitehall, London. D. B.

Correspondence.

TROS TYRIUSVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading your editorials in the *Nation* of the 20th inst., I cannot see how any one thinking like you on the questions of the day can help doing his best to beat William J. Bryan in the present contest. He stands for free silver and unlimited greenbacks; you admit that his success will break in upon our present prosperity; you might say that it would, as soon as the first coupon on a United States bond is paid in silver dollars, bring about a crash in the business world more acute than those of 1837, 1873, or 1893. Mr. Bryan is also pledged against "government by injunction"—that is, against any efficient repression of riots. The unruly elements would soon feel who is holding the reins, and anarchy, like that which raged in Pittsburgh in 1877, or at Chicago in 1894, would spread from the Aroostook to the Golden Horn.

All this, you think, ought to be submitted to in order to save the principles of the Declaration of Independence by restoring self-government to the Filipinos. But in another article you say that Bryan's platform was skilfully drawn so as not to pledge him or his party to the withdrawal of the American forces. He first wants to establish a stable government on the islands. The millennium may come before he has succeeded; meanwhile fighting and killing must go on. And when at last the islands are independent, he wants the American army and navy to guarantee that freedom against the rest of the world—a job requiring more men and more ships than if we held the islands as our own possessions. It is clear, therefore, on your own showing, that his professions against Imperialism and militarism are utterly hollow; and you yourself point to the Expansion Democrats in the South, such as Snodgrass and Morgan, in deference to whom the platform was cast into such unmeaning or double-sensed words. Would you, then, have the people of the United States take the risk of beggary and anarchy at home for the very remote possibility of freedom to the Tagalos and Visayas six thousand miles away?

So much from the general American standpoint. But to us Kentucky folks, this man Bryan, with his love for Filipino independence, looks like an unusually bold character. If Aguinaldo, the irregularly chosen Governor of Luzon, is now a fugitive from his home through the wickedness of McKinley, William S. Taylor, the regularly chosen Governor of Kentucky, is a fugitive from his State through the wickedness of Bryan. In November, 1899, William Goebel, the murderer of Sanford, the author of an infamous election law, the man who had by trickery and force gotten some sort of a Democratic nomination, was, notwithstanding numberless frauds on the ballot perpetrated in his behalf, defeated for his coveted Governorship, through the revolt of the best elements in his party, among them over two-thirds of the former rebel soldiers. But he was still reluctant to give up the fight. He had by false returns and by bribery secured a close majority in the two houses of the General Assembly. Then William J. Bryan came to Frankfort all the way from his Nebraska home, to encourage Goebel and Beckham and the other defeated candidates on the State ticket in their treason against free government, which rests on the expressed will of the majority. In a speech before the Democrats of the Legislature and the beaten candidates, he congratulated the latter that they had a partisan body before which to try their case. Without his advice and encouragement there would have been no contest. That Kentucky is now governed and administered by a set of men whom the majority of the voters had deliberately rejected, and who are denounced this day by the greater part of the people of Kentucky as robbers and thieves, is due to William J. Bryan, who wants self-government for the distant Malays, but thinks a self-chosen band of schemers are a good enough Government for the great State of Kentucky.

Truly yours, L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., July 28, 1900.

[Every item in the above indictment of Bryan has weighed with us in resolving to cast no vote for him. But most of them are reflected if not matched in McKinley's career as an unprincipled politician; and, character for character, we have no choice between these charlatans. We repudiate both, and we propose to do what we can to prevent this people from giving its seal of approbation to the present misruler of its destinies.—Ed. Nation.]

ARITHMETIC AND GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have not had an opportunity to read the paper on Arithmetic, read at the recent Charleston meeting, from which I see interesting quotations in the *Evening Post* of last Monday. These quotations indicate that the author is in sympathy with the now prevailing opinion that too much time is given in schools to the subject of arithmetic. It may be that too much time is given to certain rules, some of which he enumerates, such as partial payments; but that too much time is given to the accurate working and to the reasoning which most of arithmetic demands, is quite another question.

The attack upon arithmetic is at bottom the same as that made some years ago upon English grammar. This attack proved so powerful in the latter case that old-fashioned grammar, with its parsing drill, was largely banished, and we were deluged with new language lessons, each with some wonderful method and catching device. What has been the result? I believe I am correct in saying that the verdict of examiners is almost unanimous that pupils who have been through the first and the second part of these language lessons are clearly behind the former students of the old grammars in real knowledge of the structure of English sentences, and in the power to analyze intelligently the force of a simple prose passage. As a teacher of freshmen I find a woful lack of knowledge of the simplest syntactical principles—such, for example, as the passive voice and the predicate nominative, which seem to be favorite rocks of offence to the scions of language lessons.

The trouble, it may be said in passing, appears to lie not so much in the work of high schools as in that of the grammar schools. The high schools have their own work to do, and the pupils who come up to them poorly drilled in first principles are likely to remain so. There is reason for the general dissatisfaction with the work and results of the last two years of the grammar schools. In these years pupils seem to suffer a sort of arrested development, and to be merely marking time. My own conviction is that it is because the work is not hard enough.

At bottom the attack upon arithmetic and grammar is an attack upon training and drill, and in support of a demand for what is supposed to be directly useful and practical. This spirit, good to a certain extent, has substituted many ill-digested fads for the systematic training which formerly obtained. The feeling that it is necessary to give young pupils an amount of useful information has produced the necessity of making a fight upon the time of the old studies that made largely for mere mental training. If we are to teach Nature studies and hygiene and physiology, we must, of course, parse less and do fewer examples in arithmetic.

That the devotion of a short time in grammar schools to simple talks on the wonders of nature and the well-established laws of health is a good thing, no one can doubt; but the text-books on such subjects cannot be of real value for mental training, for the reason that it is impossible, in the nature of the subject, for them to be full and scientific.

To return to arithmetic, my own observation leads me to the conviction that, in our American schools, we do too little rather

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than too much. The average boy out of our high schools would go to pieces in any English civil-service examination. The examinations at West Point and, especially, at Annapolis are the only rigid examinations in arithmetic that we have.

The sooner we can get back to the idea that schools are primarily for training, which can by and by inform itself, and only secondarily for enforced information, the better it will be for the cause of real education. Our aberrations have been altogether natural and somewhat beneficial; but we need to get back into simpler lines, with fewer studies, better done and followed farther.—Very respectfully,

J. H. DILLARD.

July 25.

Notes.

Following Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," Act I., in their "idiophonic texts for acquiring languages," Hinds & Noble, New York city, have in preparation the second act of the same drama, also edited by Prof. George Hempl of the University of Michigan, and the first book of the 'Anabasis,' of which Professor Hempl will be consulting editor. These volumes present on facing pages the original text, a verbatim English translation, a free translation, and the pronunciation of the original "by means of the universal alphabet of the International Phonetic Association and its publication, *Le Maître Phonétique.*"

'The Encyclopædia of Etiquette,' by Emily Holt, is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Cassell & Co. have in course of publication 'The Life and Times of Queen Victoria,' by the late Mrs. Oliphant and (for the latter portion) Robert Wilson. It will be issued in twenty-nine parts.

In our recent notice of Graham's 'English Political Philosophy from Hobbes to Maine' we omitted to give the name of the American publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. This firm will soon issue 'The Art of Debate,' by Dr. R. M. Alden.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in press and will shortly publish 'The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland,' edited by Edward Gilpin Johnson, with illustrations.

Mrs. Charles S. Fairchild (Cazenovia, N. Y.) has printed some pages additional to her interesting 'Journals of John Linklaen,' reviewed by us three years ago.

In M. C. Jones's 'European Travel for Women' (Macmillan), inexperienced travellers may find an almost bewildering number and variety of hints on equipment and deportment that are too intimate for the pages of Baedeker. The volume, though it runs to 300 pages, is light and portable, and is a singular monument of the passion for detail that governs the feminine mind. Every contingency, from one's bath to a "reputable undertaker" for one's burial, is provided for. The game of travel, if one must live up to all these rules, would be a hard game to play, and Italy reduced to a question of appropriate tips and precautions about wraps. It is a very correct and ladylike little work, and may be safely followed by any woman going abroad for the first time, alone, or with others as inexperienced. There is an appendix of simple and useful phrases in several tongues.

The list of books concerning "Trusts" is enlarged by Prof. J. W. Jenks's 'Trust Problem' (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.), a work containing an interesting collection of facts, together with a fair amount of theory. The general impression conveyed is favorable to large combinations, as effecting material savings in production and distribution. With those who are hostile to these combinations, Prof. Jenks's authority will be impaired by the fact that he obtained his material through his employment by that "non-partisan" body, the Industrial Commission, and by the Department of Labor. The praise which he gives to the report of the Industrial Commission tends to produce a similar effect on the minds of those who have no pecuniary interest in these semi-political investigations.

Dr. E. F. Henderson's 'Side-Lights on English History' (Holt) is an accession to source-book literature, and a particularly handsome one in respect to printing, binding, and illustrations. It begins with Queen Elizabeth, and the text ends at 1818, although early portraits of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort are reproduced. The method followed by the editor is to select a topic like the "Personality of Queen Elizabeth," "The Spanish Armada," "The Gunpowder Plot," "Characteristic Traits of Oliver Cromwell," "The Stuarts in Exile," etc., and then to examine it through the eyes of contemporary observers. In following out this system of portrayal, recourse is most often had to letters and memoirs. The illustrations with which the book abounds are likenesses taken largely from engravings. The thirty-two subjects chosen are all important ones, and Dr. Henderson has used good authorities, but we are somewhat surprised that he has furnished no notes and virtually no editorial comment. The book is intended for junior students, as may be gathered from what is said in the preface about the best means of employing it. Accordingly, we should expect some explanations, for it may well be doubted whether many persons will prepare themselves for reading the excerpts by following the course of preliminary study which Dr. Henderson suggests. Still, each man does his work in his own way, and perhaps we have no right to criticise the editor of a book like this for not filling in the gaps by disquisition, especially where so much valuable material is put within reach. Let us hope that Dr. Henderson will publish a similar volume on the period from the Saxon conquest to Queen Elizabeth.

'Historical Memoirs of Alexander I. and the Court of Russia' (Chicago: McClurg) is a translation, by Miss M. B. Patterson, of the book which Mme. de Choiseul-Gouffier produced in 1828, three years after the Czar's death. The author's own title has been preserved, and the text used is that of the first edition rather than of the second, which appeared in 1862. Although we shall not attempt to disparage the translator's part in this work, we cannot praise the 'Memoirs' very highly either as a piece of literature or of history. The Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier had the advantage of knowing the Czar well, but her writing is frothy and vain where her own contact with the Russian court is to be described, and her moralizing is of the most vapid kind. She had an extravagant admiration for Alexander, which, considering his personal appearance and fine sentiments, is not surprising. But she possessed neither remarkable knowledge of politics, unusual wit, nor much sharpness of observation. While she repeats several anecdotes that are worth preserving, her narrative does not sustain the tone of alertness and discernment which a good volume of memoirs should display. In short, the book is worth the labor of translation, but is distinctly of the second class.

Mr. H. R. Whitehouse, who has, we believe, been an attaché of the American legation at Rome, gives in his 'Collapse of the Kingdom of Naples' (Bonnell, Silver & Co.) an elaborate narrative of the events which lie between the publication of Gladstone's 'Letters from Naples' and the surrender of Gaeta in 1860. The motive of the work is purely historical, for there is no more likelihood that another independent state will be erected in the two Sicilies than in Poland. So far as Mr. Whitehouse advocates a special view, it is depreciation of the part which Garibaldi had in the annexation of the Bourbon dominions to Italy. He terms the campaign of the *Mille* a "filibustering expedition," and quotes with approval Professor Dicey's saying: "Low as Naples had sunk, the Government would, I am convinced, have been strong enough to withstand the onslaught of the Garibaldian invasion, if behind Garibaldi there had not stood the Kingdom of Italy." In estimating the character of Ferdinand II. and of Francis II., Mr. Whitehouse professes that he has chosen his authorities in the most eclectic manner. But while he shows the existence, in Italy as well as in England, of a desire to magnify the misdeeds of the two last Bourbons, he attributes the downfall of their dynasty more to the "benighted policy" which they followed than to external pressure. The book is written by one who has a good knowledge of modern Italian politics, and should be very serviceable to English readers.

Mr. W. H. Woodward's 'Short History of the Expansion of the British Empire' (Cambridge [Eng.] University Press; New York: Macmillan) is a school-book intended for the use of students who are entered at the training colleges of England—that is, for teachers in training. At the same time, the author wishes it understood that he has not prepared his book for purposes of "cram." The preface opens with: "This History is not a 'Manual,' *i. e.*, a digest of the general body of facts relative to colonial history. Events have been dwelt upon, or passed over, as they serve, or do not serve, to illustrate the broad, underlying principles which from time to time governed British Expansion." The distinction is well made, and, moreover, it is justified by the character of the finished work. At a moment when Jingo Imperialism is in the air, Mr. Woodward writes a quiet, sober account of British settlement in both hemispheres and in all latitudes. His volume is not a panegyric in disguise, and, from its broad manner of treating events, together with its general information, is of real educational value. A merely patriotic tract would deal at much greater length with recent developments than Mr. Woodward does. He maintains the historical temper, and writes even more fully about the American colonies which severed themselves from Britain than about Australia and South Africa, which are still politically united with the mother country. The circulation of this book should

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not be restricted to schools. One or two slight slips may be mentioned. Francis Parkman was not a professor, and in Canada all powers unassumed by the Dominion are not granted to the provinces. The reverse is the case.

The 'Second Book' of the Tarr & McMurry series of Geographies has just been issued by the Macmillan Co. Its convenient form and new method of treatment at once attract attention and call for commendation. The political and relief maps are excellent, but the same cannot be said of all the other illustrations, although in general these are distinctly executed. The entire book (435 pages) treats of North America, including the new dependencies of the United States. The first four sections, which take up so much of physiography as seemed to the authors to be necessary to explain man's relation to the earth, are less satisfactory in treatment than succeeding portions. This is the case notably with the first section. The treatment by States is abandoned, and that by larger regions is adopted instead. The topics introduced are discussed at considerable length and in connection with the region in which they seem most prominent. Thus, coal-mining, iron-ore, and iron-manufacturing are explained in connection with the Middle Atlantic States, while agriculture by irrigation, grazing, and gold-mining are considered with the Western States. Repetition is thus avoided and room for additional details is gained. The causal idea is consistently emphasized in the handling of all the topics. Teachers accustomed to many of the older style of books will miss some features, whose absence, however, is for the most part no loss.

T. J. Medina of Santiago, Chili, adds 'El Tribunal del Santo Oficio en las Filipinas' to his former works on Philippine bibliography. His large volume on 'La Imprenta en Manila desde sus Orígenes hasta 1810' (1896) has recently been corrected and enlarged in Spain by Señor Retana's 'La Imprenta en Filipinas.' Medina is also the author of 'Bibliografía Española de las Islas Filipinas (1523-1810).' This work was printed in Santiago (Imprenta Cervantes) in 1898.

The process of sanifying the centre of old Florence, by demolition and reconstruction, revealed most interesting relics both mediæval and Roman. These objects were carefully observed and preserved for the Crocetta Museum by the Historico-Artistic Committee appointed to that end by the municipality. A first volume discussing these finds has appeared, under the title 'Il Centro di Firenze: Studi storici e Ricordi artistici' (Florence: R. Bemporad). It has sixteen plates and fifty illustrations, and is of much importance, especially as to the city's rank in the Roman period. The builders who reconstructed the once noble quarter that had fallen from its high estate and become a menace to the health of Florence, are censured for the architectural decadence of their work.

Another significant Italian publication is 'La Revoluzione francese nel carteggio d'un osservatore italiano' (Milan: Hoepli). The editor, Senator Giuseppe Greppi, has availed himself of the family papers to annotate the letters, almost uninterrupted, of Paolo Greppi, a Milanese nobleman, Austrian Consul-General at Cadiz, to his father and friends. He was witness of many stirring scenes in Paris, Vienna, and Italy, and passes judgment on numerous historic characters of the Revolution.

The *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* for July prints some interesting letters from Mrs. Ralph Izard, written from Paris in 1781-83. She describes how her husband, then in America, dined with Lord Cornwallis at Gen. Knox's soon after the surrender. "Mr. Izard was so vexed at the cruelty of his conduct throughout the whole course of his command, that he could not be induced to hold any conversation with him, and it was with difficulty he was prevailed on to meet him at dinner." She was won by the Marquise de Lafayette, who spoke with great warmth and affection of Washington, and "says I must look upon her as an American, for her heart is entirely so." From the new instalment of Conway Robinson's "Notes," it is learned that the first man-child born in the colony was in 1643 fined for contempt of court. Even at that early day, Virginia returned servants to Maryland—a sort of fugitive-servant practice, for no law existed in the matter. A very curious account current, 1777-1787, is printed, giving the items in paper, in specie, and the "rate of depression." The rate starts at 1½ for 1, and reaches 500 for 1, the latter quotation being purely nominal.

A conference, similar to that of 1890, met last month in Berlin for the discussion of reforms in the higher education in Prussia. Of the forty-one members invited by the Cultus-Minister, more than half were professors from universities or other higher educational institutions, while all who participated in the deliberations were men whose opinions are of weight. An important resolution passed almost unanimously by this august body, and which will no doubt ere long become law in Prussia, settles the "Berechtigungsfrage" to the effect that the universities and technical high schools shall be open to graduates of the Gymnasia, Realgymnasia, and Oberrealschulen alike; in other words, the "Gymnasium monopoly" will cease, and students whose secondary-school course did not include all the branches required for a certain profession, will have an opportunity at the University to make good the deficiency. On the other hand, it is not expected that the present constitution of the three classes of secondary schools will be much disturbed in the future. Thus, while the democratic idea of equal rights has found recognition, the continuance of the humanistic Gymnasium in its traditional form is at the same time assured. The conditions for obtaining the new degree of "Doctor Ingenieur" are published in the June number of *Hochschul-Nachrichten*, and include the presentation of a certificate of maturity from a German school of one of the three classes above mentioned. Hence, foreigners will be debarred from candidacy for that degree, unless they have received their secondary education in Germany.

In an address delivered by Archduke Rainer, the curator of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, at the recent annual meeting of that body, the fact was particularly emphasized that the coöperation of the leading academies of sciences, a consummation which had been so devoutly wished, has now been practically attained through the Convention at Wiesbaden of the representatives of the academies of Berlin, Goettingen, Leipzig, London, Munich, Paris, Milan, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. The object of this union is the achievement of literary undertakings of a grand and international character, the management of which is not possible for a single one of the federated societies. The determination of the details of this union is to be left to future conventions.

The Congress for Christian Archæology, at the recent Convention in Rome, by formal resolution, expressed its desire that the famous crypts under the Vatican be opened to the researches of specialists. It is, perhaps, not generally known that underneath the Basilica of St. Peter there are long galleries, a subterranean church, incomparably richer than the church above ground. Here, among other things, was discovered, in a kind of dark cellar, a massive granite block, which proved to mark the grave of Otto II.; moreover, statues of bishops, masterpieces of Ghiberti, and a large number of bas-reliefs, in which the artistic hand of Mino da Fiesole was detected. Unfortunately, this storehouse of art is closed, not only to the general public, but also to the student; entrance being allowed to those only who secure permits signed by the Pope himself.

Among the results of Mr. J. E. S. Moore's scientific expedition to East Africa are the determination of the maximum depth of Lake Nyassa (430 fathoms), and the real position of Lake Tanganyika, the northern part being some twenty miles further to the west than it appears on existing maps. From his observations, doubt was thrown on the suggestion "that the lake had at one time been connected with the sea, but the geological formation on the west shore favors the supposition that at one time the lake extended far to the westward, and covered some portion of what is now the Congo Basin." The highest peak of Mount Ruwenzori was ascended, and found to be 16,500 feet, the snow-line being about 13,000 feet. Mr. Moore came to the conclusion that it is neither an isolated mass nor a plateau, but part of a mountain range, with many jagged peaks extending for many miles in a north and south direction. He brought back, in excellent condition, about a thousand fishes, some of them of great size, and some new to science.

—The *Atlantic* for August opens with an article on "Political Education," by President Hadley, who dwells on the tendency to "cram with facts as a substitute for the development of ideals." In the course of his remarks he points out that the real justification of democracy, or majority rule, is not theoretic, but practical—the best means hitherto devised of getting at the opinion of those who in the end hold the power. It does not follow that there should be an election every six months, or that Croker and Platt should be the best we can show for it. Having Croker and Platt in mind, it is worth while to read Rollin Lynde Hartt's "The Iowans"—an account of a community at once distinctively American, and at the opposite pole from the one in which we live. Mr. Hartt's style is distressingly forced and pseudo-picturesque, but his description of Iowa, if not flawless, is suggestive. A community of farmers, without large cities, and having a high level of civilization, it is a community without a State debt, and which is capable of building a Capitol for $3,000,000 without a penny being stolen. It has "just a little political corruption," owing to railroads, but, generally speaking,

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good laws, good schools, and good morals. It has no literature but newspapers, no art, no great men; but then, says Mr. Hartt, repeating what has been said so often, it is "the merit of the mass," not of the individual, that establishes "the real greatness of a people." Leaving aside the question whether there ever was a very remarkable "mass" which did not soon produce remarkable men, the Iowan community (as described by Mr. Hartt) is a sort of resurrection of Jefferson's ideal agricultural *civitas* of honest farmers, perfected by a high material civilization, and the final crowning boon of the absence of greatness of any kind. Were Buckle alive, he might cite Iowa as additional proof of the truth of his theory that man is the product of his physical surroundings. Just as lofty mountains, dangerous precipices, and continual elemental strife produce timidity in man, so extensive prairies produce in him flatness. Mark B. Dunnell has a paper on "Our Rights in China," in which he analyzes Mr. Hay's recent correspondence with the Powers on the "open door." The matter would be a good deal simpler if it were clearly understood that Mr. Hay's whole effort was to find out whether the Powers intend to respect our treaty rights with China, or to override them. "We do," say most of them. "We do," says Russia, "in so far as they need to be respected." The correspondence merely makes explicit what was implied in the situation already. Its value lies in making public and more intelligible what was previously important but little understood. Mr. Hay's journalistic training stands him sometimes in good stead.

—The *Century* has for its Paris Exposition article a paper called "The Palace of the Dance" by Jean Schopfer, with many illustrations, and for illustrations in color gives some remarkable full-page plates (from drawings by James C. Beard) to accompany an article on the "Treasures of the New York Aquarium," by Charles L. Bristol. Amelia Gere Mason contributes a paper on "The Decadence of Manners." Formerly this essay—for its main drift is not original—was always replied to by a counter-essay showing the manners of the world to be about as good as they ever had been; but lately the reply has grown fainter and fainter, as if the world were gradually growing accustomed to think of itself as an ill-mannered world, and becoming indifferent to its evil name in this respect. And in truth, if we are all ill-mannered together, does it matter? One great recommendation of good breeding used to be that it enabled people to obtain admission to a society above them; but admission to society is now secured by money (the writer of the present article to the contrary notwithstanding) to such an extent that this view of the subject needs revision. Perhaps, after all, money furnishes the key to the whole question. Society has always, in every age and clime, been carried on by those possessed of the wealth and leisure of the community. Hitherto these have been more or less in the hands of the inheritors of breeding—breeding being confessedly something which is transferred from parents to children. At the present day, however, the ignorant, and ill-bred, and non-bred have been coming into possesion of the money and leisure by leaps and bounds, and naturally their first effort is, not to qualify themselves for their position by copying the poor people who pay great attention to civility, but to get rid of the whole thing as an encumbrance. For ourselves we do not believe that democracy has half as much to do with it as plutocracy, for democracy is connected with equality, and manners in this country were, by all accounts, much better when conditions were generally equal than they are since the multimillionaire has fashioned his new world.

—*Scribner's* is a "fiction number," but it also has its plates in color (drawn by Henry McCarter)—midsummer "art plates" they should, perhaps, be called. The story of the magazines is pretty much the same as that of the libraries—nine-tenths of what is read is fiction, and most of it fiction which can be turned out by the yard. The striking thing, to our mind, about the monthly fiction that comes under our eye, is not that there is so much of it—for the demand is evidently greedy—but that the people who supply it are of a totally different class from that of the last generation. The producers of fiction, as we knew them in the last era, were serious people. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Hawthorne, Flaubert, Turgeneff were all writers, not only sufficiently educated to begin with, but occupied with the problems of life and destiny, and having something of their own to tell us about them. In reading them, the young felt that they were listening to persons who had reflected, and caught the infection themselves. But since "realism" and "the short story" came in, a crowd of writers have taken up their pens who evidently avoid serious thought or cogitation of any kind. They no doubt paint life as they see it—but what a very limited life it is! They not only point no moral (anything moral being anathema to them), but they create no characters, and turn out "short stories," in most cases, evidently because the strain of writing a real novel with a sustained plot and substantial interest would be too much for them. Subject to these limitations, *Scribner's* for August is a good number. It is full of examples, however, of what we mean. It is mainly a child's number. "Old Carnations," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is for girls of fifteen; "A Matter of Opinion," by George Hibbard, is a piece of private theatricals for older children; "The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, is adapted to boys of twelve or fourteen. J. M. Barrie and Edith Wharton are in a different class; but no sane person can look through this collection without perceiving "what is the matter" with fiction.

—Professor Kaufmann's 'Politische Geschichte Deutschlands im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert' (Berlin: Bondi; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is the fourth volume of a series in which the Germans are estimating the extent and character of their national progress during the past hundred years. Besides politics, the review covers the fields of literature, art, science, music, social life, and the history of war. The scheme is well outlined, and the separate parts of it assigned to very competent writers. Comparing their present position with that of 1800, the year of the Marengo campaign, Germans can hardly be expected to refrain from showing some signs of thankfulness, and the patriotism which assumes such a form as this is equally sober and praiseworthy. Dr. Kaufmann's Political History is a book of 700 large-octavo pages, but it does not, in spite of its considerable bulk, run at any point into minute detail. It is a disquisition on tendencies, processes, and results, rather than a synopsis of events. The author, a firm Imperialist, believes that, while Germany has already accomplished more than Arndt, Niebuhr, Dahlmann, Uhland, and Stein could have hoped, her real work is just beginning. "Wir Deutsche sind noch ein junges Volk, und unsere Aufgabe für die Welt ist noch längst nicht erfüllt." Having full sympathy with the achievements of Prussia, he not only keeps that state in the foreground (which every historian must do), but exalts it to the neglect of the smaller kingdoms. There is nothing unusual about this, but we would gladly have heard more regarding the condition of Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, particularly from 1851 to 1861. The most valuable part of the work is the third chapter, which is devoted to the origin of parties, Socialists, Liberals, Junkers, etc. The account of the great Revolution, 1848-49, is also remarkably good, in that it keeps the main issues separate, and avoids the confusion which most writers create when they deal synoptically with the affairs of Germany during this crisis. Coming to the Bismarckian era, one finds a greater degree of conciseness than might be expected from the importance of the period and Dr. Kaufmann's admiration for the Chancellor himself. What are usually regarded as the heroic years of the movement towards German unity (those between the opening of the Schleswig-Holstein question and the end of the Franco-German war) are not singled out for special embellishment. Dr. Kaufmann's chief task is to explain the conditions which Bismarck found when he entered office. The contests with Austria and France are comparatively simple in motive. He dismisses them rapidly and without excess of patriotic rapture. The book closes with an optimistic forecast, but the narrative proper closes with the fall of Bismarck. Why does not Dr. Kaufmann give his impressions concerning the character of the present reign? On p. 681 he speaks of the freedom which prevails in the higher schools and universities of Germany. He certainly does not illustrate it by his reticence on the subject of German politics during the last ten years.

—It was formerly taken for granted that all animals to which the zoölogists attributed an "organ of hearing" could actually hear; but after the existence of a static sense in the higher animals had been determined by Goltz, Mach, Crum-Brown, and Breuer, and they had made it highly probable that certain parts of the ear—namely, the semicircular canals and the otolith apparatus—have nothing to do with the function of hearing, it became an interesting question to what extent hearing could be attributed to animals so low down that they have only the organs corresponding to the otolith apparatus. It was shown by Kreidl, a few years ago, that there is no sufficient reason for ascribing to fishes any sense of hearing whatever, and Dr. Theodor Beer has now reached a similar conclusion in regard to the crustaceans. Already in 1896 he had maintained that, except in a few instances, no proof had been offered that any animals below the amphibia can hear, and he now finds that even in those exceptional instances the proof offered was very inconclusive. Crabs especially had been affirmed

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by some investigators, and particularly by Hensen, to have truly remarkable powers in this way, but Beer has now proved, by well-conducted experiments, that such is not the case; the organs which were once supposed to mediate the sensation of sound are now made out to be organs of orientation only. In accordance with this now certain fact, it is proper that the names *otocyst* and *otolith* should be replaced by *statocyst* and *statolith*.

COLQUHOUN'S CHINA.

Overland to China. By Archibald R. Colquhoun, Gold Medallist Royal Geographical Society, Correspondent of the *Times* in the Far East, etc. Harper & Brothers. 1900. Pp. xii, 466.

This is a book of a sad opportuneness. Its three lightest chapters describe Pekin and the life of the foreign settlement there. The group of legations, isolated in the midst of a swarming population, hostile, ribald, contemptuous, appears so tiny and hopeless in its weakness, with nothing but the great vermilion doors of a red-lacquered and pavilion-roofed Chinese palace between it and the multitudinous darkness without. Yet the wonderful, clear, keen air of Pekin, the sunshine and the swallows wheeling through it, the slow, smooth life of an underworked diplomatic community, the little festivals and amusements, the summer villeggiatura in a Buddhist temple in the Hills, the skirmishes and jests of club life, give the picture a strange unreality. It is Life, ignorant, light, joyous, in the midst of Death. It is like the scene in Boccaccio's garden at Fiesole—and now as far away.

But none can say that there were not signs enough of the end. Dealing with the brutal frankness of Russian methods in Mantchuria, Mr. Colquhoun says (p. 144), "These high-handed proceedings must bring their own retribution in insurrections and riots." And we now have evidence that the spark to the Boxers' rising was the conduct of Russian and Belgian engineers towards the peasantry through whose lands the lines of rail were being run. Again, on p. 164: "In Pekin . . . only the ever-present fear of bodily chastisement . . . restrains the populace to an attitude of sullen dislike, or, at the very best, of polite indifference." P. 324: "the incipient anarchy in central China," "the revolution is proceeding with great rapidity." P. 325:

"Outbreaks which the authorities are unable or unwilling to suppress give encouragement to risings all round, and one rising begets another. If the working people should be driven to arm themselves for defence against brigands, the temptation is great to use such new-found courage and force for aggressive purposes. There are no large bodies of men in the world so docile and so easy to govern as the Chinese, but once the social and family bonds which hold them together are loosened, the artisan may as easily become a brigand as the laborious fisherman becomes a pirate. The process of dissolution is going on. The anarchy which has been the nightmare of all who have studied Chinese affairs for the last twenty years is looming in sight. Great affairs are in course of incubation."

P. 336: "It is as certain as such things ever can be, that one of these days some Power will be called upon, or feel itself called upon, to intervene to preserve order in China, for confidence is gradually being undermined all round, and cannot be restored out of native resources." P. 449: "Nominally still alive and in full operation, the organism of the Chinese Government is hardly perceptible, and is unable to cope with foreign aggressions, barely sufficing to keep in restraint the three hundred and fifty millions of its own people."

The truth of all this is now abundantly clear. Northern China is in complete insurrection, though whether it is an insurrection with the Government or against the Government we cannot yet tell; Oriental governments have before now had their hands forced without great unwillingness. In the valley of the Yangtse-kiang, and in southwest China, the insurrectionary movements are still sporadic, but are evidently spreading; the stage of brigandage and outrages is passing into that of formal rebellion. And there are other ferments at work besides that of the Boxers. In 1874 an eighteen-year Muhammadan rebellion in Yunnan culminated, and was suppressed only after a hard struggle. Yet twenty years later, a full half of the population of that province, according to a native Muslim, was Muhammadan. This, however, is probably an enormous exaggeration. The certain point is, that there is a great Muhammadan population which has been in insurrection already, and is now biding its time. Again, there is a native Christian element which will not always submit itself in patience; the Taiping rebellion is evidence as to that. With the case standing thus, it is evident that the stability of China depends upon the attitude of the southern viceroys. There, too, Mr. Colquhoun has something to say. His charge is, that the influence and authority of the viceroys have been too much neglected. Until the régime of the Dowager Empress, they had been practically supreme in their provinces, with full right of initiative and almost no interference from Pekin. Yet European diplomacy had failed to see this and to cultivate them accordingly. All the diplomatic force was concentrated at Pekin, and "early in 1899 there was neither Consul nor Vice-Consul to represent British interests in the whole vast province of Szechuan." Now, with anarchy at Pekin, their chance has come again; the power taken from them is back in their hands, and the change has been reflected even in our newspapers. How they will bear this responsibility is still to be seen.

Such are a few of the points in which the opinions and predictions of this book come now with the force of accomplished facts. There is much more behind, and time will show it. From some of the quotations already given, it is evident that Mr. Colquhoun has no hope of China righting itself and developing peacefully from within as Japan has done. For him, some external force must take hold to restore and maintain order. "The open door" must give way, in the inexorable march of facts, to "spheres" of influence and of occupation. And so the real object of his book is to arouse the English public to the existing danger that the acknowledged English sphere in the basin of the Yangtse-kiang will vanish into the control of Russia or France. Russia is advancing upon it from the north through Hankau; France from Tonkin by the Red River railroad. Only very slowly is the connection with the British Burmese system through Yunnan being surveyed and planned; yet control of southwest China is essential to the defence of India. So, Mr. Colquhoun.

In a sense, the title of the book is unfortunate. Only the first six chapters deal with the overland journey to China, and on p. 150 we are landed in Pekin itself. The book thus divides into two parts, united only by the thread of the traveller's route and the shadow of the Russian advance. The first part deals with Siberia, of the past and the present, of the gradual Russian colonization, and its more recent quick development, of the wealth of the country in minerals, timber, and crops. Two things in it all stand out clearly. The new Siberia is not a convict settlement, but a field for immigration. And that immigration, from the Urals to the Pacific, is enthusiastically national: "Russia, mistress of the world" is its word. The last chapter of the six describes the great trans-Siberian Railway which stretches already to Irkutsk, and is to cross Mantchuria to Vladivostok. The second half of the book is a description of things in China as the author saw them during a seven-months' journey in 1898-99, through Mongolia and Mantchuria, up the Yangtse-kiang to Szechuan, through the provinces of Kweichau and Yunnan, and back to the sea through Tonkin. Making allowance for its frankly Russophobe attitude, for which, it must be admitted, there is much justification from an English point of view, the book is of the highest value, as showing us the state of the country before the present volcanic outburst. It cannot be neglected by any student of the gigantic problem.

There are four fairly good maps, and many rather poor illustrations and diagrams, several being reproductions from Reclus's 'Géographie Universelle.' The diagram labelled "Russo-French proposed rearrangement of Asia" is not clear in itself and is left unexplained in the text.

BUGGE'S HOME OF THE EDDIC POEMS.

The Home of the Eddic Poems, with especial reference to the Helgi Lays. By Sophus Bugge. Revised edition, with a new Introduction concerning Old Norse Mythology by the Author. Translated from the Norwegian by William Henry Schofield. London: David Nutt. 1899. Pp. lxxix, 408.

The present book is, in its main part, a second edition in English of Professor Bugge's well-known 'Helge-Digtene i den Ældre Edda,' which appeared in Copenhagen in 1896. The original work, however, has been revised and considerably augmented by the author, so that in many ways this is a new book apart from its English form. The newly written Introduction, which is an extremely valuable part of the work, contains the author's views as expressed principally in his epoch-making 'Studies on the Origin of the Scandinavian Stories of Gods and Heroes,' published originally in Norwegian and subsequently in a German translation.

Professor Bugge's views on the origin of Old Norse myths are so well known along main lines that they need, it may be, scarcely more than a recapitulation. His contention is, that many of the most important of these myths were shaped by Scandinavian poets who associated with Christians in the British Isles, and particularly with the English and Irish. The Eddic myths, accordingly, show an unmistakable familiarity with Christian European culture, and with Jewish-Christian and classical mythology and

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legend current among the Western nations in the early Middle Ages—with the manner of thought, in other words, of the more cultivated people with whom Norwegians and Icelanders came closely into contact during the storm and stress of the Viking Age. The oldest and, indeed, the great majority of the mythological and heroic poems of the Edda, Bugge concludes, were composed by Norwegians in the British Isles—the greater number in northern England, some in Ireland and Scotland, or in the Scottish Isles—and in a written form were carried to Iceland and Norway.

Bugge's proofs in support of this thesis are brought forward with much acumen, along a range of scholarship apparently illimitable. Influence from England on the Eddic poems may be detected, he affirms, in poetic expressions; in poetic, saga-historical, and mythological motives; in the action of the story, and in its composition. As for the first point, in most of the poems there are numbers of words of English origin not in general use in Norway and Iceland; in many cases these occur only in the Eddic lays, and must have been transferred to them from English poems. There are, moreover, Norse poetic expressions which are but reconstructions of English expressions similar in sound; Latin words taken into Norse from English, and Irish words. Into the details of the author's elucidation of these particulars it is here impossible to go. Some of his conclusions are tenable and must be accepted; others are plausible or even possible as theories, but hang by an altogether too slender thread to be readily accounted as fact, and this is a characteristic of much of Bugge's argumentation throughout the book. It is, however, by no manner of means all idle fancy, as some of his critics would lead us to suppose. In the 'Lay of Völund,' for instance, many of us are already prepared to accept the author's conclusion that the Norse poet imitated an Anglo-Saxon poem; the English words and reconstructions are unmistakable, and in such numbers that any other theory than that of immediate Anglo-Saxon influence is well-nigh impossible. It is not so easy to follow Bugge elsewhere. That the 'Lay of Sigurd' is an imitation of Anglo-Saxon poems; that the 'Lay of Atli' is in part, at least, the reconstruction of a Danish poem, which in its turn imitated an Anglo-Saxon original on the same subject; that the author of the 'Lay of Hyndla' was familiar with Virgil's 'Æneid'; that the heathen 'Völuspa' was composed by a Norseman in England under the influence of an English Christian epic—all this, and more, Bugge seeks to prove.

To show how the mythological stories of the Edda arose under the influence of Jewish-Christian tales which the Scandinavians heard among the English and Irish, Bugge examines in detail the myths of Baldr and Loki. In the story of Baldr, he sees the reconstruction of an older epic myth, in which, under the influence of English-Irish Christianity in the west, a principal stress is laid on the fundamental moral elements of life. Stories heard about Christ, the Son of God, are transferred to Baldr, the Son of Odin, but transferred in accordance with heathen Scandinavian conceptions, so that the new myths are still genuinely national in character.

Loki, however, is considered to be a new creation at the end of the heathen period by Scandinavians, after they had heard Jewish-Christian tales from Christian peoples. The name Loki is but the reconstruction of Lucifer, and the myth embodies elements in the first place from the Christian prince of the fallen angels, but also from other sources, especially from classical stories about Mercury. Loki's progeny, the wolf Fenrir and Mithgarthsorm, the world serpent, owe their origin to similar conditions. Fenris, Fenrisulfr, is a change, by popular etymology, of the foreign *infernus lupus*. The myth in its details is primarily the embodiment of the Christian conception of the devil as a wolf, with which have been fused stories of the monster Behemoth, in the book of Job. Mithgarthsorm, in much the same way, has its prototype in the Biblical Leviathan, and stories of Hercules have exerted their influence upon the development of the story. It may be unfair from some points of view to isolate a single link from the chain, but, with the assertion that there are throughout this whole discussion numerous places of the kind, the last paragraph of the introduction may be quoted:

"In the description of *ragnarökkr* we read how the Mithgarthsorm, amid the billows, 'turns himself about in giant-rage.' Then the sea rushes in violently over the earth. This description agrees with that of Leviathan in Job: 'He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him: one would think the deep to be hoary.'"

It is astounding that such assumed parallelism as this should be brought forward as sober testimony, and Bugge seriously weakens his argument, here and elsewhere, in much more important places, by his fatuous use of it.

The introduction contains much of value for itself, but it has also a fundamental importance for the understanding of Bugge's whole attitude toward the material under discussion in the present book, whose main object is to clear up the question of the home of the Helgi lays of the Elder Edda. This investigation is carried out, from first to last, with the infinite minuteness that is characteristic of the author's method, with the same marvellous power of combination of material and results, and with the same extraordinary bias as to the real nature of evidence in a scientific argument.

The Helgi cycle of the Edda consists of the 'First' and 'Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani,' and the 'Lay of Helgi Hjörvarthsson,' all of which form a single group in respect to saga material, and, to a considerable extent, to similarity in poetic treatment. The author of the 'First Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani' knew a number of the mythic and heroic poems of the Edda which one and all show English and Irish influence, and there are thus good grounds for believing that this lay was composed by a Norseman who had lived among Englishmen and Irishmen, at the courts of Irish and English kings. Some parts of the poem are closely connected with Irish traditional tales. A principal source is the story of Conchobar and the 'Battle of Ross na Rig,' which has come down to us in the so-called 'Book of Leinster.' This story of Ross na Rig contains reminiscences of the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, and the date of the poem is apparently, then, from 1020-1035. The Helgi poet, in the author's opinion, lived at the court, at Dublin, of Siggtryg, whose father ruled both at Dublin and in Northumberland. The poet has also used Irish tales of the story of Cormac's birth and of the 'Destruction of Troy' as material in his lay, which is, nevertheless, not to be considered in any way a translation of Irish stories, but is a new and original poem whose real basis is Germanic heroic saga-material.

The Helgi poems, according to Bugge, were influenced, again, by the Germanic saga of Wolfdietrich. The beginning of the first Helgi lay is, in fact, an imitation of a lost Anglo-Saxon heroic poem on Wolfdietrich which in its turn was a working over of some Franklish epic, also lost. This is not the whole record of influence, for the classical Meleager story has also contributed its quota.

In the 'Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani' the authorship again points to the British Isles, and the poem was composed under external influences similar to those which affected the 'First Lay.' The 'Second Lay' includes fragments of prose and verse which did not all belong together originally, and which are not all the work of the same author. The two lays belong, however, to the same school. The 'Second Lay' has influenced the 'First,' which it antedates by perhaps half a century. The Helgi lays, it is here pointed out, are not historical poems, and Helgi, as he appears in them, is in no way an historical person. Vigfusson, who originally suggested in the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale" a Western origin for many of the Eddic poems, noted that the geography of the Helgi poet is, on the whole, merely fantastic. There are a number of names of places, however, which can be proved to have really existed, and these are throughout in Denmark and the adjoining lands. Both these poems on Helgi Hundingsbani represent him, too, as King of Denmark. Helgi's historical prototype was Saxo's Danish king Helgi, son of Halfdan. Some Danish poet in England, according to the author, made over the story of this Helgi into that of Helgi Hundingsbani, basing his work partly on an Anglo-Saxon story and partly on the Danish story. This work then suffered two fates: it was carried into Denmark and took the form of which there are fragments in Saxo, and it was worked over by Norse poets in Britain in the shape in which parts are preserved in the Eddic lays. Helgi, at the outset a Scandinavian hero, is brought in the lays into connection with other heroes, not Scandinavian, belonging from the outset to other Germanic people. The assumed connection with Wolfdietrich, whose historical prototype is the East Gothic Theodoric, has already been pointed out. Both the 'First' and the 'Second Lays' make Helgi a son of Sigmund and the brother of Sinfjötli, and thus bring him into connection with the West Germanic Völsungs, with whom as a Danish king he could originally have had nothing whatever to do.

The 'Lay of Helgi Hjörvarthsson' includes a short lay in dialogue, called after one of its characters the 'Lay of Hrimgerth,' which plainly was at first a separate poem by another skald. It is apparently by the same poet who composed the 'First Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani,' and was inserted by him into the earlier story of Helgi and his father Hjörvarth. As before, there are English and Irish influences. The author in particular shows an acquaintance with the story of Scylla and Charybdis as it was known in

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Ireland in the Early Middle Ages. Svafa, the betrothed of Helgi, in this lay clearly resembles in character Sigrun, Helgi's victory-genius in the 'First Helgi Lay,' and both have features obviously drawn from the Irish battle-goddesses as seen in the 'Story of the Destruction of Troy.' In the 'Lay of Helgi Hjörvarthsson' itself, West-Frankish, particularly Merovingian, stories of Clovis and his immediate successors have left traces. Helgi Hjörvarthsson corresponds to the Frankish Theodoric, the son of Clovis. There are also obvious points of contact, as in the case of the other Helgi lays, with the story of the Völsungs. In the author's opinion, this lay too was composed by a Norse poet in England, after various Frankish stories, which are transferred to a Scandinavian saga-hero, who is, again, a poetical and in no way an historical personality. The lay is subsequent to the 'Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani,' which was its immediate model.

In conclusion, Bugge points out the wider bearing of many of the results of this investigation. The stories of both Helgis, as has been stated, are influenced by, and in many ways connected with, the stories of the Völsungs and Niflungs, which are West-Germanic, originally foreign to the Scandinavians. There has been no general consensus of opinion as to how these stories, as they appear in the Völsunga-saga and the Edda, found their way from Germany northward. Of the younger Eddic scholars, Sijmons, for instance, maintains the usual theory that this happened through Saxon intermediation; Mogk, that the story was brought to Gautland by the Erulians, who had heard it from the East Goths, who in their turn learned it from the Franks; Golther, that a knowledge of the story first came to Danish and Norwegian Vikings in France and was then brought by way of Ireland to Iceland. Bugge believes, however, that the Scandinavians learned these stories in the West, especially in the British Isles and by association with Englishmen, and that poems in the Anglo-Saxon language were in part the source of this knowledge. It is plain that if this is a correct conclusion it is far-reaching, and the author hopes ultimately to prove not only that the Völsung stories as contained in the Edda were first composed by Norwegian poets in the West, who had associated with the English and Irish, but that essentially the whole poetic Edda has had a similar origin. He holds, in contradiction to the usual notion, that it is susceptible of proof that the majority of these poems have belonged together from the time of their origin, and that the younger presuppose the older. They represent, he says, different sides of one and the same tendency, and were composed under practically the same conditions and external impulses. The nucleus of the poetic Edda was not first gathered in Iceland. Norwegians in England and Ireland possessed the oldest and, indeed, most of the Eddic poems, already united into one collection, as early as the middle of the eleventh century.

That this is an extraordinarily interesting book, full of suggestion and ingenious theory, must appear even from the hurried abstract here given. Much of it, however, is but ingenious theory unsupported by actual evidence. The whole assumption, for instance, of the influence of the Wolfdietrich story upon the Helgi lays and the conditions under which it was exerted, which plays such an important part in the discussion, is, although plausible as a theory, as a fact wholly unproved. It may in part be true, but, as Bugge has left it, it is but a shrewd hypothesis and nothing more. It is impossible, too, to give credence except as clever guesses to his long line of lost Anglo-Saxon and Irish originals which are needed to substantiate his argument. As studies in evidence, what shall be said, to take instances quite at random, of the argument as to Hlöthvarth and Laertes; of the evolution of Atli into the son of Ithmund; or of statements like that with regard to Atli's dwelling at Glasilundi? Such a book, on the other hand, cannot fail to stimulate interest and further investigation in this whole wide field, where there is so much of vital importance to the history of the culture, not only of the Norsemen, but of the whole Germanic race.

The book contains, at the end, several appendixes, not in the original edition, and a complete index. The translation from first to last is admirably done. For the very first time in an English book there is a consistent writing of old Norse proper names.

A History of the University of Pennsylvania from its Foundation to A.D. 1770. By Thomas Harrison Montgomery. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 566.

In eastern central New York is a streamlet which flows south about ten miles and enters Lake Otsego; it may be considered to flow straight on and come out at the other end. To call this brook the Susquehanna River would be much the same as to call the College of Philadelphia, A.D. 1770, "the University of Pennsylvania." The brook grew and became a river; the college gained accessions and a larger name in 1779; but if a visitor to Philadelphia, in or about 1770, had inquired for the University of Pennsylvania, the probable answer would have been a silent stare, or, "There isn't any." If this work were the first volume of a series extending to the present time, or (say) to 1800, its title would be right enough; as it is, Miss Young is not called Mrs. Jones till she has been married, and it is well to give people and things their right names when we know them. So, again, on p. 35, Mr. Montgomery says, "The birth of the University marks the half-way point in Franklin's life." He means the birth of the Academy; nothing else (of that sort) was born in 1749.

A mere misnomer must not be allowed to detract from the author's laborious and exhaustive researches. He has gathered a vast array of documents and details, and it seems unlikely that anything related, however remotely, to his topic has escaped his clutches. Were his zeal in accumulating materials reinforced by equal discretion in sifting and arranging them, the result would be less ponderous and more penetrable by the average student's patience. The main points of his tale are these. "The Publick Academy in the City of Philadelphia" was founded, chiefly through Franklin's exertions, towards the end of 1749; it had a long array of "Constitutions," and twenty-four Trustees, whose office for some time seems to have been no sinecure. The often repeated story of its being started in 1740 as a charity school is based on the fact that, this school becoming insolvent, the new Academy purchased its premises and buildings on Fourth Street; later, the charity school was revived as an appanage of the Academy. In September, 1751, there were "above 100 scholars, and the number daily increasing." "The Rector, who teaches Latin and Greek," received a salary of £200; the English master, £150; the mathematical professor, £125; and three assistant teachers, each £60. The first rector, David Martin, died in December, 1751. His work was taken, though not his title, by Francis Allison, who became Vice-Provost in 1755. A new charter was granted in 1753. William Smith, afterwards eminent, became tutor in 1754, and Provost the next year, when the institution received an increase of dignity, being incorporated as "The College, Academy, and Charitable School of Philadelphia."

From this on, the history is mainly occupied with the Provost, as in its earliest part with Franklin. Smith (his name was not his fault, though it tends to confound him with his notable nephew and several others of that period or later) was a remarkable man; his abilities and attainments were fully equalled by his restless energy and fearless combativeness. He got into trouble with the provincial Assembly, who twice imprisoned him in 1758; by order of the trustees, he heard his classes "in the place of his confinement." Then he went to England, and came back triumphantly with degrees of D.D. from Aberdeen and Oxford, and a reproof from Privy Council to the Assembly. He was again in England 1762-64, raising money for the college, which by this time was drawing students from the country and from other provinces. New buildings were erected in 1762-63; we are favored with a minute specially ordering the carpenter to put up "shelves and cupboards." In 1757 a lottery had been resorted to for relief of the increasing expenses. In 1768 occurred what was probably the most important event in the whole history of the college, the opening of its famous medical school.

Among the minor details may be found some points of interest, as those relating to Hopkinson, Duché, and other alumni of those days, and to Leigh Hunt's father, who lost his M.A. diploma as the putative author of pieces alleged to be scurrilous. The experience of the trustees as to honorary degrees is notable. In 1760 they thought "it might be of service to the institution to confer" a few. Two years later it was their "unanimous opinion that the College must lose reputation by conferring too many." And as to coeducation, or anything approaching it, thirty "charity girls" had since 1753 been taught in the college building; in 1760 a committee found it "unbecoming and indecent to have girls among our students: it is a reproach to our Institution."

The history of the Academy and College to 1770, so far as it is important or suggestive, might be given in a few chapters. Mr. Montgomery has padded it out with "biographical sketches of the Trustees, Faculty, the first Alumni, and others," with liberal extracts from minutes of meetings, and other matter of a sort dear to a member of three Historical Societies and a Genealogical Society. This imperfectly digested mass suggests Whately's explanation of obscurity: a thing is so clear to the writer that he assumes it to be equally clear (and equally interesting) to his readers; hence he takes no pains to make it

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so. The sections badly need headings, but have none; even a table of contents is lacking. There is an index; but if you wish to know (*e. g.*) when the term "provost" was introduced, you are offered three cross-references, none of which proves of any use; then you can start far back in the history and read on till you are tired. You will get a date (say 1760) on one page, and further on find yourself advanced to 1757. In short, the book will be attractive to local antiquarians, but puzzling to the general reader.

The publishers' work can be praised more highly than that of the author-compiler. The volume is beautifully printed, and so correctly that we have noted but three errors; on p. 133, "Charles V. Krauth" for Charles P.; on p. 329, "1750" for (presumably) 1759; and on p. 304, "1910" for 1810.

The Civil Law in Spain and Spanish America, including Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, and the Spanish Civil Code in force, annotated and with references to the Civil Codes of Mexico, Central and South America, etc., etc., by Clifford Stevens Walton, Doctorando, University of Madrid, Licentiate of the University of Havana, etc., etc. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. 1900.

The various influences that have combined since the Roman conquest to shape Spanish jurisprudence make it seem, in comparison with our own system, at once venerable and romantic. Here is no evolution of one homogeneous body of law out of two principal elements, themselves not too dissimilar to blend, but the persistence through twenty centuries of the enduring principles of the Roman law. Goths, Visigoths, and Moors came, took what they found, put each their own impress on it, and went—leaving the law of Rome the basic law of Spain. About its mighty fabric they reared their own creations, the *Fueros*, local and provincial laws and privileges that still remain, like the statutes and customs of Man and the Channel Islands under the British Constitution. Out of this lodgment the Spanish drove the Moors, in turn modified and added to the great edifice, and overgrew it with a tangle of ecclesiastical and administrative law that shut out much of its light and air; but it remained Roman still, not altered beyond recognition either by time or by fortune. Even Napoleon affected it but little. He was mainly concerned with codifying and clarifying what already existed—a proceeding that appealed to the Spaniard's love of logic and verbal exactness. This has been the principal contribution of French genius to Spanish jurisprudence, though the present century's slow trend toward liberalism, stimulated from time to time by the successive revolts of Spanish colonies, originated in the principles of the French Revolution.

This evolution is worthy to be studied by the profoundest philosopher. It is a poor imagination that would not kindle on finding in one body of law the codes of Justinian, the statutes of the Moorish Kings of Granada, the rules of the Holy Inquisition, the compilation of Philip the Second, made when Spain ruled the world, and those "Laws of the Kings of the Indies" which were in force in the capitals of the Aztecs and the Incas, over the North American continent, the Antilles, and the Philippines, more than two hundred years ago, and have not yet lost all virtue, although Spain has yielded her conquests to alien administrators. Mr. Walton attempts, in a hundred pages, a summary history of this evolution, which shows laborious study, but is necessarily dry. Unfortunately, too, his learning and industry are not accompanied by the gift of clear statement. He sums up his chapter on the existing civil law thus:

"In defining the Spanish system of legislation, in general, it may be said that it comprises a collection of compiled and codified laws, and that it continues as such, even after the partial codification of the civil law by which, until the present, the so-called common law is alone referred to, besides which there are a multitude of laws still existing" (p. 87).

This is a very blind way of saying that Spain has a number of modern codes, like the civil and commercial codes, which, so far as they go, are the highest statute law; that, besides, there are many old codes or compilations, alive at least in part, among them the so-called *Partidas*, or codification of principles and maxims of Roman law, cited to-day even in the courts of Louisiana. Moreover, that, in addition to these codes, modern and ancient, alive or half-alive, there exists a mass of independent local laws and privileges (styled the *derecho foral*), and still other *leyes*, *reglamentos*, and *decretos*, of more or less limited authority. This produces a lack of certainty in Spanish law that is its worst defect. Were it not for the brevity and exactness with which Spanish statutes are written, and the strictness with which their language is construed by the courts, all would be chaos. Mr. Walton does not discuss this to any extent, nor does his translation of the Spanish Constitution, preceded by a brief sketch of its origin, compensate for the want of a clear statement as to how Spanish law is made or interpreted, and what comparative weight is to be given to its various elements.

The same endeavor to condense a great deal in a small space similarly limits the value of the rest of the book. It contains brief sketches of the Penal Code, the Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, the Mortgage Law, the Notarial Law, the Codes of Commerce, the Laws of the Indies; the Laws and Codes of Mexico, a translation of the Mexican Constitution; some observations on Cuban autonomy, a translation of the "Autonomical Constitution" of 1897; a few forms; an index of the Ancient and Modern Codes of Spain, the principal codes and laws in force in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and of certain Spanish-American constitutions and codes, necessarily abridged and incomplete. In addition to all this, there are given certain acts or proclamations relating to the American government of Cuba, such as the extension of the mortgage-suspension decree, among which the Treaty of Paris might well have been included.

In short, the book is full of clues for the student. He cannot rely on it alone to test a question of Spanish law raised in actual practice—say, the regularity of acknowledgment of a deed or articles of incorporation, the validity of a claim to mineral lands, or similar matters. The answer might be in the book, but there would be no certainty about it. The work is, therefore, a mere compendium of Spanish law, too broad in scope, and in execution too much abridged, to be of first quality. With this criticism, it may be said that it will find a place in every library where Spanish-American law is studied—not for citation as an authority, but for consultation as a book of reference, which is made easy by an excellent index.

Of the main body of the book, a translation of the Spanish Civil Code, elaborately annotated with references to ancient Spanish and modern Spanish-American codes, it is hard to speak so well. It does not fail for lack of pains, but for lack of skill. Unless the reader knows Spanish, he will find much of it wholly unmeaning, because the translator prefers to render Spanish words into their nearest phonetic equivalent in English, where an apt selection, a circumlocution, or the retention in parenthesis of an idiom incapable of exact translation would make the sense clear. For instance, we speak familiarly of the *status* of citizenship, not its *quality (calidad)*; of *powers*, not *faculties (faculdades)*; *gifts inter vivos*, not *donations (donationes)*; gifts *for valuable consideration*, not *having onerous cause (causa onerosa)*. This is bad workmanship, but capable of being understood. Where the theory of the Spanish law is strange to us, translation breaks down altogether. What sense do the words *institution of heir (institución de heredero)* or *forced heirs (herederos forzosos)* convey? The meaning of the first might have been rendered by *bestowal* or *creation of heirship—i. e.*, the power to dispose by will out of the circle of one's blood-kin. The second means *heirs defined* or *limited by statute—i. e.*, a limitation on testamentary disposition to certain blood-relatives, if living, somewhat analogous to our New York restriction on charitable bequests by a man of family. The following is mere jargon: "Art. 1274. In onerous contracts, the prestation or promise of a thing or services by the other party is understood as a consideration for each contracting party; in remuneratory ones, the services or benefits remunerated, and in those of pure beneficence, the mere liberality of the benefactor." Such a translation (and it is throughout marked by these defects) has no usefulness. In parenthesis it may be added that a good translation of the Civil Code has been prepared under the authority of the War Department.

The Distribution of Income. By William Smart. Macmillan Co. 1899.

In his interesting preface, Professor Smart explains how his mental attitude has been affected by the study of economics. For a number of years he was engaged in practical business, and in that way acquired the ordinary business-man's skepticism concerning economic theories and theorists. Taking up the systematic study of economics, he spent some time in revising his experiences and getting rid of his misconceptions. Thus he naturally delayed grappling with the "supreme problem" of distribution until the unconscious influences of learning and teaching made up his mind for him. When he finally reached the point when deliverance was necessary, he decided to take his own difficulties as representing those of the ordinary man. Even when he began writing, he retained the long-rooted conviction that the present distribution of wealth was bad, and even unjust; but as his knowledge broadened with his study, he was compelled to modify and, indeed, to surrender this conviction. For a great deal of

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the national income is distributed while and as it is made; the processes of production and consumption are the same. If we inquire into the conditions under which the disbursements of the employer, the paymaster of organized industry, are made, we find that the distribution is not arbitrary, much less chaotic. Professor Smart observes:

"One may, perhaps, imagine a better distribution, although it seems to me it is not easy to do so except by assuming that society is much simpler than it is, or that it is willing to renounce many of its motives as well as its gains. Nor am I insensible to its anomalies and hardships. I confess, indeed, that they are enough to confuse the generous mind, and drive it to ill-considered action. . . . . But when the question is whether a regulated state control, according to any social or socialist ideal, would bring us conditions of life wherein all would have the possibility of realizing their moral being, or of being what is called 'happy,' I am disposed to think that the invisible hand—however one interprets Adam Smith's reference—is bringing about these conditions more quickly than any deliberate rearrangement of industry would."

It is easy to see that, under a somewhat narrow title, Professor Smart really contemplates the whole science of political economy, and we are almost inclined to call this essay one of the best statements of the modern form of that science. There are more elaborate discussions and analyses, and Professor Smart claims no originality; but within a moderate compass he has succeeded in presenting the results of contemporary thought in a systematic and lucid manner. The modern conception of society is in accord with the philosophy of Heraclitus. Everything is in motion; there is an incessant flux. "Wealth is a flow, not a fund." The production and consumption of wealth describe a circle, as the water in a stream describes one. The water flows to the sea, is evaporated and condensed, and returns to the fountain-heads to renew its circuit. Man is in the stream of wealth, like a trout in a stream of water. He builds himself up and grows, and then sinks back and is resolved into the materials whence he came.

"He is but a worm that fills its skin and draws its life from the earth, which it passes through itself and leaves on the grass again. He makes the world richer as the worm makes the surface richer—by bringing matter from one place and leaving it in another. . . . We think of man as somehow apart from and above his natural environment, contemplating it, working on it, and subduing it to himself. Yet any deeper consideration shows us that man is simply the last and greatest embodiment of his environment, and is, after all, but a temporary embodiment."

We do not need to question the metaphysical accuracy of this view of society, but whether it is so helpful as is believed in such practical matters as economic legislation is a different matter. If we are to take income in this broad sense, how can we exclude the services which every individual renders to himself? Moreover, we may not omit from our reckoning the vast number of what might be called negative satisfactions. Gambling is the regular pursuit of some persons, and the occasional occupation of many. In the broad sense, much wealth is thus created; the winner gratifies his desire, but so does the loser. Yet it is paradoxical to contend that the national income is enlarged by gambling. We have to distinguish between the kinds of satisfaction which make up life; and the distinction made in common speech between the destruction and the consumption of wealth, between material goods and psychological gratifications, cannot be disregarded. Nor are we prepared to concede that the line drawn by the older economists between productive and unproductive labor is not of the greatest importance. If we undertake to include the whole life of man under economics, we diffuse our investigation over infinity. We must abstract, if we are to create a science rather than an aggregation of phenomena, and we are forced back to the point of view taken by Mill. We must, indeed, regard man psychologically; but we must, for practical purposes, regard him only as engaged in producing and consuming wealth.

In treating of wages and profits, Professor Smart argues against the claims of the trade-unions, as set forth by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, but we fear that they will regard him as guilty of the fallacy of composition. Granting that the individual, or the "average" employer, can pay no higher wages than he does, it does not follow that the whole class could not do so, and that is exactly what the Webbs maintain. They assert that capital would not cease to be accumulated were the rate of interest reduced, and this Professor Smart, rather unguardedly, concedes. In that case it does not appear inconceivable that wages should rise with the fall in the rate of interest. Still, Professor Smart's argument is ingenious, and deserves careful study. He has an even more formidable difficulty to encounter in the phenomenon of rent, or the "unearned increment." Here his argument is altogether insufficient to meet the requirements of the advocates of the "single tax." It amounts to little more than saying that the rent of land is only one species of a large genus. In spite of some weak spots, however, Professor Smart's essay is a persuasive, if not convincing, argument in defence of the existing system of distribution, on the ground that it approximates as closely to the ideals of justice as any scheme that does not wholly disregard the requirements of practical life.

Wesley and Methodism. [World's Epoch-Makers' Series.] By B. F. Snell, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

Except that new books are often read where old and better ones on the same subject are neglected, the demand for a new life of Wesley was by no means clear, much less acute. Tyerman's exhaustive biography gives all the necessary facts; Miss Wedgewood's psychological study is as good now as when it was written; while, for a short life, that of Overton in the "English Religious Leaders" series was too well done to be easily surpassed. Mr. Snell's book is distinctly inferior to Mr. Overton's. With such a wealth of material to draw upon, it is astonishing that it should be so meagre in its acquisition. It is fundamentally at fault because the writer has no genuine sympathy with Wesley, no real admiration for him. Coming to the last page, we read with a feeling of surprise that "Wesley was a glorious being," so little has there been in the course of the book to justify such a eulogium. A note of depreciation, of innuendo, continually recurs, and, while there is much rebuttal of charges made against Wesley by his opponents, we get the impression that Mr. Snell finds more satisfaction in retailing the injurious matter than in correcting its mistakes. This is particularly so in the chapter called "Love and Death," in which the voluptuousness of Wesley's sexual imagery in describing the soul's relation to its heavenly bridegroom is dwelt upon with an unction that betrays an unfriendly disposition. Another example is the chapter called "Miracles and Mysteries." The miracles are those in which Wesley too credulously believed, and the mysteries are those of Wesley's married life, and, in general, his relations with women. That he had here a silly side is one of the most patent facts of his career. Mr. Snell does not exaggerate the truth, but accentuates it out of all proportion to its importance in the synthesis of Wesley's life and work.

The arrangement of the book is topical, not chronological. No clear idea is given of the order and development of Wesley's life. The treatment of Whitefield is much more favorable than that of Wesley; his more rabid emotionalism is applauded; but of the Calvinism that distinguished him so sharply from Wesley and threatened to divide them by an impassable gulf, there is no mention whatsoever. There is no clear presentation of the spontaneous and largely accidental growth of that organization of Methodism which has been too much credited to Wesley's organizing genius. Equally unsatisfactory is the treatment of Wesley's extremely complicated relations with the Church of England. But these particular defects are trifling in comparison with the general inadequacy of the book in its report of Wesley's character and influence.

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